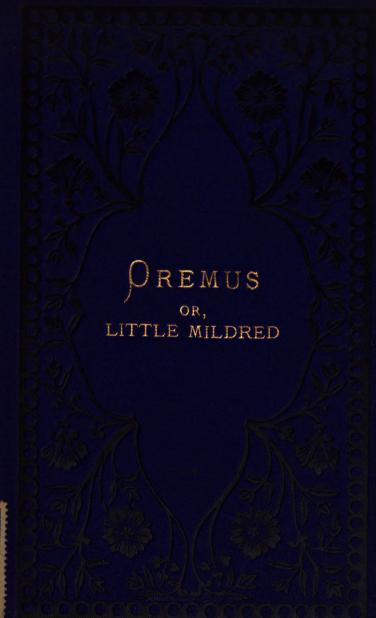
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.



https://books.google.com









OREMUS;

QR,

LITTLE MILDRED.

A Story for Children.

RY

F. B. DREW BICKERSTAFFE DREW.



R. WASHBOURNE, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON. 1880.

Digitized JGOOGLO 6.



AT THE FEET OF SAINT NICHOLAS I LAY THIS LITTLE BOOK, THAT, BY HIS PRAYERS, IT MAY HELP EVEN A LITTLE SOME LITTLE CHILD.

LITTLE BOOKS OF ST. NICHOLAS.

1s. each.

- 1. Oremus; or, Little Mildred.
- 2. Hominus Pobiscum; or, The Sailor Boy.
- 3. Pater Aoster; or, God the Father.
- 4. Per Jesum Christum; or, God the Son.
- 5. Peni Creator; or, God the Holy Ghost. (A Tale especially for Confirmation.)
- 6. Credo; or, Faith as a thing, not a word.
- 7. Abe Maria; or, Our Lady.
- 8. Ora pro nobis; or, The Saints.
- 9. Corpus Christi; or, The Blessed Sacrament. (A Tale especially for First Communion.)
- 10. Dei Genitrix; or, The Maternity of the B.V.
- 11. Requiem; or, The Holy Souls.
- 12. Miserere; or, Penitence.
- 13. Peo Gratias; or, Thanksgiving.
- 14. Guardian Angel.
- R. WASHBOURNE, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

OREMUS;

OR,

LITTLE MILDRED.

CHAPTER I.

It was hay harvest.

Over all the land the summer lay like a garment of gladness, and the whole earth laughed for joy. The river leapt gladly along to the sea, and the sea danced wildly, yet all playfully, in the soft southern gale: the golden sun shone high in the sapphire sky, and hardly a cloud rode lightly across the blue. It was late June, and the hay stood heaped in cocks waiting to be carried; the labour was all done.

And it was very hot: so hot that the

sleepy kine stood dozing idly beneath the broad shadow of great elm trees, chewing the cud, and never moving. Only now and then they would swish round their tails with a long, slow sweep to brush away a fly, or leisurely turn their mild eyes in the direction of some sound: even the lambs were still, and lay at rest in the long lush grass.

It was very still, too.

There was hardly a sound, save that of the swirling river; even the throstle's song was low and distant, and the moaning of doves made silence yet more still.

It was the day of God: and even the weary beasts had rest. Great waggon-horses lay with half-shut eyes, basking in the bright sun, most utterly content.

Come with me to-day, you that are dwellers in great cities, away into the sweet meadow-lands, and wander, by brook and woodland, to a wee village that I know. Forget all your weary town sights and sounds, and give God glory for the lovely world that He has made

There are not more than a hundred houses,

—it is only a hamlet after all—and they are houses like the nests of birds, all roofed with dark-brown thatch, half overgrown with straggling creeping plants and cool dark ivy. Before each door is a belt of garden, full of scarlet and blue and gold, the garments of sweet-scented flowers, whose glory the greatest king of Israel could never match.

A pleasant brook babbles merrily down the village street, and on the other side great willows stoop down to cool their long green fingers in its flood: and then beyond are hay-fields and green meadows, and beyond again the church.

Ah! it is a lovely one, that ancient sign of the love our fathers had for God and His holy faith: but for three hundred slow-departing years the sound of those bells has called to another worship than that He

instituted; the altar has no sacrifice, and no priest is there to tell the people of their pardoned sins; the very saint in whose honour the church was built in days of old is so forgotten that they know not even his name.

The church-doors stand wide this pleasant summer morning, and it looks a goodly place within, but very few are there to praise God after their new fashion: a few men, still fewer women, and a good many children. Most of the men in our village stay at home on a Sunday morning, for they lie longer abed, and when up there is the newspaper to read: the women have the dinner to cook, and fancy it cannot be cooked if they go to church. So the children are sent, and now they sit very sleepy; for the sermon is long, and about a thing they little understand — Predestination to life of some.

But there is the schoolmaster to keep them awake, and he rouses them now and then with a sudden cuff: and they are very glad when church is over.

So we will not wait at the church, but walk on down the shady lane, between high-banked hedgerows, and beneath ancient oaks that were already old when the old faith was driven from the land, and saw those alive and full of lusty strength who now lie low beneath the churchyard yews—young trees when they were laid there.

Many a fair procession has passed beneath these oaks in the days gone by, priests in copes resplendent with jewels and golden tissue, mitred abbots from the now ruined abbey by the river-bank, and white-habited monks, all singing the praise of Him, our Divine Master, Whom they escorted to His Sanctuary with incense and waving banners and glorious cross going on before.

So down the lane we pass—half-saddened by the memory of the olden glories of our great country,—down to the meadows on the river's edge, where the grey ruins of Our Lady's Abbey stand solemn and forlorn, and yet majestic still.

There is no chant of holy men, given up wholly to their dear God, to be heard now in the grand chapel; no roof but the clear heaven, no pavement but the summer green, no sound but—the quarrelling of children.

CHAPTER II.

YES, on this sweet fine morning, five children have no better employment than to wrangle and fight; as if the sun and flowers, and song of birds, were not enough for all. And it is all over a little nest with three blue eggs in it. Each child claims one egg, and the eldest of the three boys declares he will have the nest too. And so they fall out and get crimson with rage, and use hard words whose meaning they do not fully know, and see nothing of the

glory that lies spread around for anyone, without any jangling at all, in the woods, and lanes, and fields.

At last the boys come to blows, and the eggs are broken in the scuffle, which puts an end to the cause of strife, but does not, for all that, restore peace. Whereat the elder of the two girls breaks into tears, partly of passion, partly of disappointment, and the younger, weary of the whole thing, turns away, and wanders down to the river-side.

It is very pleasant there to-day: a cool gale blows over the blue water, and the sound of the rippling wave is restful and full of delight. The child wanders on, and follows for more than a mile the winding of the stream, forgetful of her brothers and their foolish strife.

Why is she not at church?

I will tell you. Her mother died when she, the youngest of five children, was born, and their father is a man who thinks the story of God is a pretty fable. Our little Mildred, therefore, has been suffered to grow up like a fair flower, untended and sweet only by its natural fragrance. What little she knows of holy things she has learnt as a lesson, and it all seems to be hard and cold, and of little interest.

Their father is seldom at home—he is away now—and they and the servants have the big Manor House all to themselves: and this Sunday, as on many others, they have refused to go to church, so their nurses, who do not care particularly whether they go or no, have given in, and left them to follow their own imaginations.

Mildred is thinking. As she walks by the river-bank her mind is very busy. "I am ten years old to-day," she ponders to herself; "and I wanted to have a happy day, but already it is spoilt by those tiresome boys."

Just then she found herself at the park wall of one of their neighbours, but one whom they did not know much. "I will climb over and go on," she determined; "for the Beaumonts will be all at church, and I shall not be eaught."

So she climbed over and jumped lightly down on the other side, tearing her frock as she did so. But for this Mildred cared nothing: she was so used to it.

"Oh, but will they be at church?" she wondered presently; "for they are Roman Catholics. Oh yes, of course, they will be worshipping the Virgin Mary and graven images."

Now I fear poor Mildred knew nothing much as to who the Virgin Mary was, or even as to what is really meant by a graven image. She knew, at least so she thought, that the latter meant something that had been buried and dug up again: all her knowledge on this point came from what she had heard her father say.

So the child, secure in the belief that the owners of this lovely park would be safe in church, worshipping images, walked on very happily, admiring the lovely trees, the water-lilies, and old castle.

At last she got very near to the castle and yet she strolled on among the shrubs and trees, delighted with the beauty of all around her. Suddenly a sound reached her ear, and she stood still to listen: it came from among the trees close by, and it was the deep rolling of an organ. Presently voices rose in harmony with it, and the child crept through the thicket to get closer, and so found herself by the open door of the castle chapel. They were singing part of the Mass; but she could understand nothing that they sang. She decided that it must be Greek; "for I know," she said to herself, "that Roman Catholics can only talk Greek." At all events it was very lovely, Greek or no, and she held her breath to listen to it. There were not very many voices, perhaps a dozen or two, but they were clear and full, and each rose to its full pitch, for all sang with all their might.

Mildred cowered down behind a little bush and peeped in. It was a very tiny church: but how beautiful! The windows, of which she could see two, were full of painted glass; the walls were painted too, and over the pillar of each arch was a sculptured niche, sheltering a carved statue of some lovely lady, or gentle-looking child. But farthest from her was the chancel, with a beautiful screen dividing it from the rest; beyond she could see children in white surplices, an altar whereon six lights burned steadily, and before which, with his back towards her, stood a white-haired man. While she was watching all this with keen curiosity and interest, suddenly the music ceased, and for an instant there was silence. Then the old man turned round, and, spreading wide his hands as if in fervent invitation, sang "Oremus."

After which he turned again to the altar, and there seemed to be silence for awhile; for Mildred was not near enough to know that he was praying for his people. Again he faced them, again he spread wide his hands, again he sang clear and full—"Oremus!" and again he turned back to the altar.

Our little child longed to run to him, since he held out his arms so tenderly.

"No one will go to him," she thought while a great lump rose up in her throat, "though he asks them all the while!"

Then it struck her that this was perhaps because they were Roman Catholics, and it grieved her that the old man should have always to turn away, as she thought, unheeded.

She thought of her own father, of whom she was so very fond, so very much afraid: and she longed for him on this her birthday.

While so thinking she had stood up and crept a little nearer to the door, forgetting that she might be seen.

Again the old priest turned slowly round, again he was going to cry "Oremus!" and

the little wild, untamed child could bear it no more: without an instant's thought she darted in, darted up to where he stood with open arms, and just as he sang "Oremus," ran into them, murmuring with a passionate sob:

"Let me come! it is my birthday." And then she was frightened.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT did the old priest do?

He folded her very close in his arms, and kissing her forehead as a tender father, whispered:

"Yes, little one, it is indeed your birth-day."

For the child had said greater things then she at all comprehended: had spoken high truths that she could not yet understand. That day was her birthday; as it had been the birthday of St. Peter and St. Paul. And then she burst into a flood of tears: tears of excitement and gladness at the lovely music and the sweet beauty of that little church; of love. that had naught whereon to spend itself, and of grief at the recollection of her brothers' unkindness and her own great loneliness to-day when she wanted to be so glad.

A lady bent down over her and lifted the child up in her arms, carrying her right away.

It was Mrs. Beaumont: Mildred had seen her often in the village, and sometimes had wondered how she could have that kind, sad face and yet be a Roman Catholic. Now this lady took the child in as loving arms as ever shielded one of the wee lambs of the Great Shepherd, and carried her into a pleasant room close at hand.

It was the priest's own sitting-room, and over the fire place hung a large picture of the great Mother of our God, with the Archangel bending low in salutation before her. Over a little desk, too, hung a plain black cross, whereon the Saviour held wide His arms that He might draw all men unto Him. And there were many books, some flowers before the crucifix, and the air was full of sunshine and the summer smell of flowers and trees and hay.

There the lady sat down, and looking into the child's tear-stained eyes, her own grew also full of tears, and she said:

"Little one, will you stop here until the Mass—the service—is over?"

"Mayn't I come too?" the little child made answer.

"Surely, if you will. When you are ready, then we will go back. Why do you cry?"

Mildred lifted her big grave eyes to the face of her new friend, and looked long and carefully. Then she sighed contentedly.

"I shall cry no more," was all her answer.

The lady smiled, and softly kissed her: 2-2

then setting her down and taking one of the grimy little hands in hers, led the way back into the church, and let Mildred make herself cosy, out of sight in a corner of the screen.

Then came more music and more singing, and often again the old priest cried out "Oremus," and Mildred was very happy. It was all very strange, and she understood nothing of it; but it was very, very nice.

At last Mildred began to wonder why they were not bowing down to graven images, and indeed to marvel where the graven images were, for the statues over the arches and that of the great Mother did not seem to her to be such.

At last it was all over, and the church was empty; the old priest came to Mildred and took her by the hand, leading her away. Taking her to his room, he said:

"Wait here a while, little one, and I will soon come back, after I have made my thanksgiving."

So she waited very patiently, wondering about many things: and after a time he returned.

He sat down and lifted her upon his knees in silence, and she spoke first:

"Why have you been making a thanks-giving?"

"Because God has given me so great a thing to-day."

The child gazed up in astonishment. She had never heard of God giving things: they had only told her of His taking. She had heard of His taking people, and she knew that He liked to have them put for Him in the damp earth.

A thought struck her, and she smiled eagerly.

"Perhaps it is your birthday, too?"

The old priest smiled, and shook his head:

"No," he answered; "but God has given me His Son to be my guest to-day."

"Has God only one Son?" asked Mildred, "and does He give that one away?" The old man sighed sadly, and then in simple language told the child all the old sweet story of God's generosity, and Our Lady's glory in becoming the Mother of God Christ Jesus.

It was all new to her, though she had been taught some of it as a task: and she wept again over the story of Calvary and Our Lady's broken heart.

Then for a time there was silence.

"Are you a Roman Catholic?" the child asked at length; "is this what it means—to believe all this?"

The old man bent his head, and smiled.

"May I be one too, then?" she whispered, clasping her wee hands together, and looking out at the sweet fields and summer woods.

"Child, it is not I that can say yes or no. It is God."

"But if He is so good," the little one urged earnestly. "If He loves us all so very much."

"He is willing," answered the priest; "He would have all in His Holy Family."

Again the child became silent; she was looking at a picture over his head.

"Is that your little girl?" she asked after a while.

"Yes."

For he had not always been a Catholic, and two children had been given him before his wife went back to God.

"And she is dead?" asked the child softly, for she was very quick to understand.

"Yes, she died this morning very early," said the old priest; "and now you are come instead."

And, rising up, he led her to another room where the dead child lay, a little girl of some fourteen years old, but looking even less because of her short stature and wee pinched face. She had suffered much pain, and had been very glad to go away.

CHAPTER IV.

But when she had kissed the dead child's hand, and gazed in wonder at all the lovely flowers and great candles that decked the chamber and the bier, they went out and down the park, home to the village.

"For they will miss you," said the old priest; "and be very much afraid for you because of the river."

Whereat Mildred laughed a little, and said nothing, for they did not miss her very much or very soon when she was absent over-long, and no one was apt to be very nervous about her. But she said nothing.

"What does it mean?" she asked, suddenly.

"What, little one?"

"Oremus," she answered, singing it as he had done.

"It means," he said simply; "'Let us pray."

The child looked grievously disappointed.

"Only that! Ah, that is what Mr. Burroughs says on Sundays. Letters pray! And what does Letters pray mean?"

The old priest looked down in sadness and wonder on the fair young face upturned to his.

"Oh, my child, it is not Letters pray at all: it is Let us pray; that is, let us ask God straight to give us what we want, and run to Him Who is so anxious to give us all things we need."

The child listened eagerly while he told about the power of prayer: and, as they parted at the grey stone gates of the old Manor House, she said simply,

"Will you come soon again and tell me more about Oremus?"

And the old man promised very gladly that he would. Then he turned back to trace again his way to the home where his own child lay asleep, waiting so contentedly for the day of waking for us all.

And little Mildred walked slowly up the

old shrubbery to the house, feeling different from what she had ever felt before.

"It is all Oremus," she murmured to herself as she wondered at this change. "Oh, dear God and God's Mother, teach me all about Oremus."

You see she had already begun to learn.

CHAPTER V.

Some days after this, Mildred's father came home.

He was a tall and handsome man, the handsomest man in all the world, Mildred was quite certain: and whenever he did speak to his children it was in careless good-nature: he seldom noticed them. And indeed, saving Mildred, they did not care much. But Mildred worshipped him.

· On the day of his return, she crept into

the stables and hid in the carriage that was to fetch him from the statiom, where she remained undiscovered until they reached the end of their drive, and it was too late to turn her out. To do this she had had to sit still more than three hours all alone, and with nothing to do.

Not quite nothing though, because of "Oremus."

All the while she was busy praying, and saying over and over again, "Dear Jesus, your Father loved you more than Himself, make my father love me."

This was not her first use of her new knowledge.

About lots of things she had tried Oremus.

The very day after her walk to the church, her eldest brother had been cruel to her; he had broken in to her doll's house and hanged all her dolls in a row. And this had grieved her bitterly.

"It was such an insult," she said: and

the temptation had come strong upon her to go and prick the bladder in Jack's football: it would be so easy—so fair, she thought. She was already on her way to do it when the thought of the old priest came across her mind, and she whispered "Oremus!" then she knew how mean and wicked she had nearly been, and knelt straight down to pray for a better mind. And this God had given her. In a flush of generous shame, she went off to Jack and told him what she had been going to do, and begged his pardon as humbly as if the mischief had been actually done, whereat Jack was vastly amused and not a little puzzled, and laughed his loud annoying laugh, so that Wilfrid and Ferdinand and Isabel all came This, of to know what was the joke. course, Jack told with much delight, so that poor Mildred got scarlet with shame, and was on the verge of bursting out passionately into saying:

"There, you unkind boy, I am sorry I

did not really do it now; and have a good mind——"

÷

But before she had got that far, even in her thoughts, she thought again about the sweet singing and Oremus, and turned away to try once more her new remedy.

All this while, during which I have been telling you this, Mildred has been waiting in the carriage, and now at last the train arrives, and her father appears. He looked very much astonished to see her, and still more astonished when she clasped her arms around his neck, and said gleefully:

"There, father, I determined I would see you first."

A queer look came into his eyes, and he smiled rather oddly; but he was not an unkind man, and he returned her kiss heartily, saying with a laugh:

"Well, little woman, and you have had your way—as you generally do!"

At this, to his intense astonishment, she hung her head, for she knew it was too true, she was selfish and very headstrong often. He saw her lips quiver, and muttered:

"Goodness, what's happened to the child? I think she is daft."

And then he leant back and read the *Times*, utterly forgetful of her existence. But Mildred was infinitely content: to sit by his side and stroke his coat without his knowing it, and watch him covertly, was all delightful; and once, too, he looked up and caught her, whereat he smiled and laughed, saying:

"Well, little girl, you seem glad to see me, anyway."

This made her get crimson with pleasure and pride, and she thought, "It is all "Oremus."

When they got home the schoolroom tea was over, so he told her she might come and have it with him in the library.

More joy! And she poured it out too, and sealed his letters for him, and told him all that had happened while he was away: he listened, rather amusedly, for she told things in a queer little, old-fashioned way, and forgot nothing of importance.

"Well, child," he said at last, "it is dressing-time; run away now." Which she did at once.

"Another time, God," she whispered to herself, "make him kiss me when I come away."

And next time God did.

So day after day Mr. Le Strange saw his youngest child more often, and he liked it too. She found he liked flowers, and ever after she would pick him a little bouquet every day, and arrange it prettily in a vase on his library-table: this she did also in his bedroom, and he was ever so much pleased.

One day while she was doing this he came in and found her at work.

"Well, little one," he said, lifting her up in his arms and holding her off her feet in a most painful manner, "why aren't you playing?" "Because I like this better," she answered truly, not thinking of the discomfort, but only of the delight of being so held.

He laughed, and setting her down again, drew her to his knee. Then he looked long and earnestly into her innocent face, saying half under his breath:

"It is her own face, and now she seems to be becoming her own child." With a sigh he rose up and put her gently from him; it was hard to forget that her birthday had been his sweet wife's death-day.

The child stoop very still, for she knew her father was thinking of other things than her, and she would not interrupt him. For a long time she had to stand so, until at last Mr. Le Strange turned round surprised to find her still there, saying:

"Holloa, Mildred! not gone yet?"

At this the child blushed furiously, as it thinking he was displeased.

"Gracious, what on earth has come to the child!" he said to himself: then aloud,

"Come here, Mildred, and give me a kiss, and then run out and play."

So she did, and as he stooped down to kiss her upturned face, she felt certain no one had ever been half so handsome as her father; perhaps her eyes said this, for he murmured sadly:

"Child, child, how have you the heart to be so like her?" He had wanted no reply, but she said, timidly:

- "Like our mother?"
- "Yes," he answered, "very like her."

Once more the child raised her fearless eyes to his, and asked slowly and earnestly:

- "Papa, was mother a Catholic?"
- "Good heavens, no!" he replied, with astonishment; "what could have put such an idea into your head?"
- "Oh, I don't know," Mildred answered, with deep confusion; "only I hoped so."

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER POLYCARP, the old priest, kept his word. He came again to tell his new child more about Oremus. He found her in the garden gathering flowers.

"Oh, you've come at last!" cried the child, running to meet him.

"Have I been so long?" said the old priest, with one of his kind smiles, taking her hand; and she looked up with an expression that answered pretty plainly, "Yes."

"What are you doing?" he asked presently, looking at her flowers.

"Getting flowers for father's room—he likes them," the child replied in a low voice. "He lets me do it always now."

"And used not he?"

"I never thought of it," Mildred answered candidly; "it is all Oremus."

She laughed a little as she spoke, but the

priest knew well she was in earnest, for all that.

"Then those are Oremus flowers," he said, touching her bouquet of jasmine blossoms, pure and white and fragrant.

"I don't know their real name," Mildred replied, "but that is a very pretty one."

"And a good one too, for, like your prayers, they are lovely and sweet before God. Will you, little Mildred, try and make all your prayers as pure as they, as full of precious odour? will you let your prayers blossom like them for God's honour only, and for no selfish object of your own?"

"I will try," whispered Mildred, bending her head to hide her blushing cheeks. For even already she had got into the way of asking for things she herself wanted most, and not for others: and now she saw that this was only a more refined sort of greediness, though what she asked was good in itself. "I will pray," she silently resolved, "if I can, for God's sake, not my own."

They had now reached the house, and were standing on the stone steps before the great oak door, when a gentleman came out of one of the rooms and crossed the hall towards the library.

"Oh, papa!" cried Mildred.

"Well, Mildred," said he, coming towards her with a smile, and bowing courteously to her companion, "what do you want?"

"Papa, this is ——" But who was he? Mildred could only say he was the priest who had told her all about Oremus, and that would be no good. She stopped in confusion, and looked up appealingly at her friend.

"It is rather a long story, Mr. Le Strange," said the old man; but he told it in a few words, and made it all very simple. Mr. Le Strange listened with great interest and some amusement.

"Well," he said, laughing, "and are you come to take her to prison for trespass?"

"No," answered Father Polycarp, with a smile, "but to keep my promise of telling her more about Oremus."

"And what does Oremus mean?" asked Mr. Le Strange, with rather a satirical expression.

"Oh, papa, don't you know either?" cried Mildred, with eyes opened wide in astonishment.

Mr.Le Strange looked for a moment oddly confused, and a faint blush was visible on his cheek.

"The child has answered your sneer better than I could," said the old priest, fearlessly, in a low voice, and looking straight into the younger man's handsome face as he spoke.

For a moment there was silence: silence during which Mildred gazed from one to the other in utter amazement, wondering what could possibly make her father say he too knew nothing as to the meaning of Oremus, and why, too, he should now

look confused and odd. Then the old priest spoke again.

"At least you will let her know about it?" he said earnestly.

Mr. Le Strange nodded rather carelessly.

"If you think it worth while," he answered.

"I do think it worth while," the priest said simply, but with such an infinite meaning in his low eager voice, as even the young man could not fail to notice and to marvel at. "And you do not forbid her receiving such knowledge from me, from a Catholic priest?"

For an instant Mr. Le Strange looked dubious: then, shrugging his shoulders scornfully, he replied:

"Oh no! you go only a few paces farther; you only carry it ad absurdum. You are after all the more logical."

The old priest bowed; he heeded not the sneer; the permission was too precious, too unexpected.

But it was not for the reasons he gave that Mr. Le Strange had granted Father Polycarp's request. The truth was that just at that moment the Holy Ghost, who is ever with us, either as a prisoner or a loving guest, called before his mind a longgone scene.

It was the morning of little Mildred's birth—of her mother's death.

In the sweet June weather, when all the earth was glad, she lay dying, and by her side knelt her young husband, heart-broken. Very quickly her innocent life was ebbing away, and the sounds and sights of earth were growing very dim.

"My darling," she whispered, ever so faintly, and laid her pale hand on his bowed head.

"Yes, what is it?" he asked through his choking sobs. "Can I do nothing for you—nothing?"

"You can do everything," the dying mother replied; "you can give me comfort at the last."

And he vowed, were it possible, he would do all she might bid, to the spilling of his blood.

"Then, O my dear boy," she murmured, "though you do insult to God Himself, at least *hinder* none of our children, if He calls them to Himself."

And this had flashed across the lonely, sad, and hapless widower. He would not hinder this child from being as her mother was, even though it were a priest who made her so.

CHAPTER VII.

AND so the old man and the child met often, and little by little she learned the whole glory of the Church of God. Day by day she grew more to understand the meaning and the spirit of Oremus, until it became the habit of her mind, the delight of her heart. Not only did she learn to pray to God for mercy, and to the saints

for help—mercy not on herself alone, help not for herself even chiefly, for in Oremus we learn to hate all selfishness: but, besides, she learned to keep God near her, and herself near God: so that, without kneeling down, or going into a place alone, without even shutting her eyes, or moving her lips, she could speak to Him; and when nothing else rose to her lips, at least she said, with a burning heart of love, "OREMUS!" "Let us be praying."

And you must not suppose Mildred was satisfied with praying. How could she be? Who ever prayed truly, and was content to do no more? No one; for the very spirit of prayer is loving zeal, and zeal is never idle, never fruitless. It is not enough for the fig-tree to put out pleasant leaves, unless it brings forth flowers and fruit as well.

No; our little Mildred did as well as prayed, and her prayers were often that she might know what to do, and do it well. It would take me very long to tell all the

things that she found each hour gave her to do, things small, indeed, and seldom noticed, and yet which to do was right and good, to leave undone a grievous lack of generous love.

To her brothers and sisters she became quite different. They saw the change, and laughed at it a good deal at first, but in time they liked it very much. She often played with them when she would rather have preferred to be strolling about alone, or sitting with her father while he wrote. She more than once made peace between her brothers when they were quarrelling, and often devoted herself to her sister, who thus became independent of the boys, and was both happier herself, and ceased to be a trouble to them.

To the servants Mildred gave less trouble, did more things for herself, and became also more courteous and gentle in her demeanour towards them: which Isabel saw, and after a while began to imitate. For Isabel had always been somewhat overbearing in her manner to those in a lower position than her own, and was, too, very passionate. It was rather laziness than rudeness that Mildred had to conquer; her great fault had been an idle trick of leaving everything to their maid, and never abstaining from causing needless work and trouble.

Now all this change was of course very gradual, and came about by almost imperceptible degrees, but even Mr. Le Strange noticed it at last, and said one day:

"I have at least one little girl who tries to be a comfort to me—and it is you, little 'Oremus!"

Mildred got very red at this, and her father laughed at her confusion; but he meant it, for all that.

"Father," she asked one day, "have I ever been baptized?"

"No," was the answer. "The others have—your mother saw to it; but you have not. And yet you seem to get on pretty

well without it!" he concluded, with rather a scornful smile.

But Mildred looked very sad, and her eyes grew tearful.

"Oh, papa!" she whispered, "why did you not have me made a little child of Jesus?"

He could not sneer again. She was so greatly in earnest. So he answered hurriedly, giving her a tender kiss:

"Because, little one, I liked better to keep you for my own girl."

But Mildred only sighed, and turned sadly away. After she had got a little way, however, she turned back, and looking up very earnestly into his face, said:

"But, father, you were made one of His children, weren't you?"

The man was already half-ashamed; how could he help it?

"They thought they made me so," he replied, with a nervous laugh. "But a very naughty one—eh, Mildred?"

The child looked grave and sad, but she

clasped her hands into his, and, holding up her face to his, said, very eagerly:

"Won't you be a good one?"

The strong man caught the fragile child up in his arms, and pressed her very near his heart, whispering huskily:

"Dear little one, you are a bit of her, sent down to comfort and help me in my loneliness."

CHAPTER VIII.

But Mildred was very sad.

She had often wondered at her father, and feared vaguely that he did not love Our Lord as she knew her mother had done: but now she could not misunderstand him, try as she would, and it was a deep grief to her.

"Father Polycarp," she said, when next the old priest came to see her, "why is father so different from you?"

She spoke so very gravely, and as if it

was with so great pain, that he deemed it best to answer plainly, and said quietly:

"Little one, he loves not the dear Jesus as the child should love its master and elder brother. But this grievous sickness of his soul it must be your delight to cure."

Mildred lifted her eyes, lighted up with a great joy, to the priest's, and asked:

"Oh, how?"

The old man smiled, and laying his hand on her fair head, stroked her golden hair, saying only: "Oremus."

A glad flush overspread the child's face.

"Will it do even that? Oh, how wonderful Oremus is!"

"Child, child!" said the priest, "only have faith, and there is nothing that Oremus cannot, will not do. If but you and all of us would believe how the Sacred Heart pines to be entreated, we should be ever flying there in every need—our greatest and least. There is but one burden hanging around the neck of God—the

millions of precious gifts that He longs to scatter wide if only we will ask for them."

Mildred sighed: she felt how seldom it was, after all, that she used the great weapon of prayer, and how easy it is for that sword to rust: it is always brightest when oftenest used, always keenest and most effectual in his hands who wields it incessantly.

For a few minutes the priest was silent; then, bending down, he almost whispered:

"Mildred, be your father's mother."

She only half understood, but she knew he meant by prayer, and she answered:

"If I can-oh, if I can-I will."

For a long while Mildred brooded much over her luckless state outside the fold of Christ, and at last she spoke.

- "Father," she said one day, "may I be baptized?"
- "Why should you?" Mr. Le Strange asked impatiently.
 - "Because I am outside."
 - "Who told you that nonsense?"

The child flushed, and her eyes filled with tears; her loyal little heart rose up at any insult to her friend; a hot reply clamoured for utterance, but she remembered the old priest's frequent command that in all things she should remember the law of reverence, and forced it back.

"Is that the priest's teaching?"

"He says we are not the children of Our Lord until we fulfil the one little simple condition—so easy that it is within the reach of everyone—that is all he asks."

Her father looked surprised; perhaps—who can tell?—the Spirit of God was whispering to his heart, "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

If the child had preached he would only have been disgusted; but Mildred's was no sermonising manner, simply a gentle, unwilling apology for her own request.

"You think this Jesus loving and kind?' he asked abruptly.

6

Mildred could only answer by an astonished glance:

" Of course!" it said most eloquently.

"And yet believe that this good and loving Jesus, just because a few drops of water have not been sprinkled on your head and a few words said, will not have you for His child—that He will not let you come to Him?"

He spoke quickly and with a sort of fierce scorn: the child listened attentively, and when he ceased, looking up with fearless candour, said boldly:

"Father, it is not Jesus."

Now in his turn a red flush overspread the wise man's cheek: "You mean it is I who keep you back," he said. And across his heart darted a swift ray of light. "Yes, Mildred, you may be baptized."

And the child flew to his arms, and bursting into a fit of uncontrollable tears, murmured:

"Oh father, mother is pleased now!"

CHAPTER IX.

So Mildred was baptized in the little church at the castle where first she had heard Oremus.

Mrs. Beaumont was her godmother, and, to her great surprise and joy, her father came to see the ceremony.

"Just to see they play no tricks with her," he assured himself. But God knew better.

All the time he was in his daughter's thoughts, for she had not forgotten that his sickness must be cured, and by her; all her days were given up to this dear object now.

"And so," said a neighbour to Mr. Le Strange, next day, "they have got a report about that you have let your little girl turn Papist. It's a lie, of course? What reports do get about!"

"It's true enough," replied Mr. Le Strange, rather shortly.

He seldom suffered anyone to meddle with his business, or question the wisdom of his actions.

"Nonsense!"

"I fail to see the absurdity," he said, still more coldly. "At least, it is my own concern."

"Oh, of course," assented his friend; "only it's very queer, you know, to give a child over to the Romanists."

"Queer or not, it is done; and if her brothers and sisters were only as good as she is, they would all be 'Romanists' too."

"Why, I declare," cried the other, "you'll be turning over yourself next."

Mr. Le Strange flared up.

"And if I do so, it will certainly be without consulting the county first," he said, hotly.

So the friend withdrew without the honours of war.

Now, absurd as it may seem, little Mildred came in for her share of persecu-

4-2

tion, child as she was, for entering God's Holy Church.

The neighbours, to whom they were often asked for games, and children's parties, and the like, would not permit her to come any more, "Because of our children," as they said. And so all her childish pleasures were ended, and, saving her brothers, she had no companions, for the Beaumonts were all at school.

One good lady was so ill-advised as to take the trouble of calling at the Manor House to explain the motive of her action to Mr. Le Strange.

"I have come," she began, "to tell you why I have given up asking your little girl, Mildred, to come and play with our children."

Mr. Le Strange bowed, and looked attentive.

"It is, of course, not out of any wish to be unkind," the lady proceeded, getting rather nervous.

"Unkindness generally flatters itself that

it is something else," the gentleman observed quietly.

"But indeed," protested Lady D'Aubigné, "it is not that: it is simply that—that—being a Papist, you know—Mildred might might——"

"Contaminate them—eh?" suggested Mr. Le Strange, with rather a sardonic smile, for the little D'Aubignés were not paragons.

"To the rest of your dear children, I am sure, we have no sort of objection," affirmed the unhappy lady. "They will always be welcome at D'Aubigné."

"You are too good," said Mr. Le Strange, with an expression that seemed to show that he considered the interview at an end; and accordingly Lady D'Aubigné withdrew as promptly as she could.

This petty persecution was not confined to her, however. Many of Mildred's old friends actually cut her, and she found herself isolated and avoided as though she had been a leper.

CHAPTER X.

I CANNOT tell you in this little book all the causes which worked together in Mr. Le Strange's mind to bring about a great change. It would take too long; but those causes were very many, and very different. He did not himself recognise them, or know that any change was taking place, for the Holy Ghost speaks soft and low, and not with blustering force. Instead, I must tell you of Mildred and her work.

Holy Baptism had been in very deed a new birth to her. The old things were done away, and all things were become new. You must not suppose that this was without effort or exertion on her part. True it is that all our good is the fruit of the Spirit, but the Spirit of God can force no man, and He works ever with us, not simply for us.

The struggle was very hard with Mildred

—as it is with all of us: sloth was ever waiting to seize upon her, and draw her away from her first zeal, disappointments often strove to discourage her, and to make her faith fail.

But a little leaven leavens a whole lump: and the work that this one child did in herself spread around, and became a source of help to all among whom she lived.

To the poor she became very dear, to their governess she became a help and comfort, instead of one more burden; and to her brothers and sister her example, unconsciously to herself, unconsciously to them, became still more a living sermon.

One day, a few months after little Mildred was received into the Church, she came back from her daily walk to the village, and hastened to her father's library, as she always did, to see if he wanted her or her sister to ride or drive with him. But to-day she had an additional reason for wishing to see him. It was to beg a favour

for one of her old friends in the village who was sick.

"Oh, father!" she began, as soon as ever she had opened the door: but then her voice dropped into sudden silence, and she stood stock still in wonder.

Her father sat at his table in the window, but his head was bowed down upon his hands, and he neither moved nor spoke. She felt sure he was not asleep; it was never his habit to fall asleep in the day, and an inward voice whispered to her that he was in trouble. Closing the door very softly, she crept over to him, and laid her soft hand on his shoulder.

"Father," she whispered, "do you want me to go, or may I stop?"

He did not answer, but, lifting his head, he turned to her, and taking her in his arms, said, tremulously:

"Little Mildred!"

"Oh, father, what is it?" cried the child, in sudden terror; "why don't you open your eyes, why don't you look at me?"

"Because I could not see you; I can see nothing." There was a great and exceeding bitter cry in that voice of the blind man.

"Papa, papa, I cannot bear it! it is not true, is it?"

But there was no response, save a great shudder that came over him, as he held her to his breast, weeping violently, uncontrollably.

It was thus: As he sat reading, a film came over his sight, and a great blank darkness; it had come often before of late, after much study, but it had always gone away: now it stayed, and he knew, by the clear knowledge of God's voice telling him, that he was blind. Those eyes that he had himself blinded—shutting out God—had God closed fast: the book that lay before him, open and half read, a book written by one of those who, wise in their own conceit, are fools unto God, would never be finished. Never would Mr. Le Strange see how cleverly this German proved, as did the fool of old, that there is no God.

At last the child grew calm.

"Oremus!" said a voice above her; and for a moment it seemed to her the very voice of God. And so it was, but coming from the lips of His ambassador.

At the window stood Father Polycarp: he had come there unobserved, and standing there, had met the young man's sightless eyes, and had read the awful truth at one glance. His eyes were full of tears, his voice trembled, and his heart went out in loving pity to the stricken man.

And Mildred remembered: for an instant she had forgotten God's mercy in His great majesty; but now her soul rose up to Him, and spoke freely of her grief.

The blind man raised his head to where the priest stood.

"Is this what I have to thank your God for?" he cried bitterly.

"Yes," replied the old man, speaking with a great earnestness, low and solemn; "for this you have to thank Him." Then there was silence. For a moment even Mildred thought the priest unkind; but she looked into his face, and was ashamed of her mistrust. She could not understand, but she could, she did, believe.

"Little one," said the old man, laying his hand on her fair head, "will you be his eyes henceforth? You can see better than he ever could; through you he will have more cloudless vision."

The lips of the blind man quivered, but he whispered:

"Yes, you will be my eyes now—you will see for me."

CHAPTER XI.

And Mildred saw for him. She read to him for hours every day; read to him just her own simple books, and, most of all, she read to him her favourite "Fabiola."

He would not make her read his own

books: at least she should not be grieved by them. And so he listened all day long to her childish talk, to her innocent child's books, and he often taught her. He knew much about the works of God, though little of the God Who made them; and of these Mildred loved to hear, and that was all her lessons. Her father could not spare her now, and in the School of Love she learnt the lessons Jesus loves us best to learn. And all day long she lived Oremus. Then, too, they walked together much: sometimes to the poor, and he learnt how the poor loved her, and he heard how simply, yet how truly, she taught them about God and His Holy Church.

Before the sweet candour of her innocence, the old cruel lies against our glorious faith were ashamed and put to confusion. If they accused her of idol worship, the answer of her great wonder and amazement was more effectual than a storm of denial, than a whole sermon of explanation.

"How could we?" she would ask earnestly, and none would believe that she could so injure God.

And now, too, Father Polycarp came often, and took them to the castle, where, in the little chapel, he would sit for hours together, playing the organ for his new child's other father. Of this the blind man never tired; nor could he go too often to the Holy Mass and Benediction—for the sake of the music and the singing, as he was careful to assert—and this was a great delight to him.

For his sake Mildred learned by slow degrees to play and sing, and it was a labour all of love for her, which God made sweet. While she was thus employed, Father Polycarp was always with her father, or else her sister was—for Isabel learned too to love her father's company, and to be a comfort and a solace to him now. Often the boys, too, would come and talk to him about their games and little troubles, for from Mildred

they had learned not to be afraid of him, to trust him and believe he loved them.

And so the months went by—not all unhappily, despite the great burden God had laid upon him; for love is very sweet, and of love he had long known little.

"I think," said Mildred once, with a happy laugh, when her sister wondered at the change in all of them, "I think it is all Oremus."

And then the younger sister explained the power and delight of that, the Christian's more than magic talisman. And Isabel tried Oremus too, and the boys; and none of them, when they used it aright, ever found the weapon fail.

CHAPTER XII.

IT was the day of Pentecost.

The June sun was very bright, and the world had spread out her fairest raiment to do honour to the Holy Ghost.

That day Mildred and her father had been accompanied to Holy Mass by all the others, who had begged to be taken too. And now, seated all together on the grass under one of the great elms at the castle, they were listening to the organ. It sounded full and rich, yet very soft and low, like the voice of the Heavenly Dove, coming thus through the open door, borne on the gentle gale.

Some of the children were asking Mildred questions about the Mass, and she was answering, fully but very simply, her father listening too.

At last the sound of the music ceased, and the children's voices sank also into silence: the old priest came out of the church and blessed them all. It was very lovingly that he laid his hands upon their heads, and murmured the "God bless you" over each one of them—upon Mildred last.

Then he was silent.

"Bless me also, even me also, O my father!" murmured the blind man, lifting up

the voice of Esau; and the old priest, standing by him, stroked his waving hair very softly, half whispering the Godlike words.

They all looked surprised, even Mildred, but it was a glad astonishment; and Mr. Le Strange, as if guessing her thoughts, turned to her, and smiling very gladly, said:

"Whereas I was blind, now I do see."

For an instant her pulse ceased to beat, and she grew white; then her heart cried aloud for gladness. "Oh father!" she said, holding out a little forget-me-not, "what colour is this?"

But he shook his head.

"Child, child!" he murmured, "there is a more fearful blindness than that. Earth is yet dark to me, but I see the brightness of His heaven."

And so, at the long last, Mildred was his little mother.

THE END.

B. WASHBOURNE, FRINTER, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

R. WASHBOURNF'S

OF LIBRARY AND

WITH NUMEROUS

AND LIST OF

FROM AMERICA.

18 PATERNOSTER

Post Office Orders to be Robert Washbourne, at



CATALOGUE

PRIZE BOOKS

CRITICAL NOTICES.

WORKS IMPORTED

See page 20.

Row, LONDON.

made pavable to the General Post Office.

True Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. Foolscap 8vo., 3s.; or may be had separately, cheap edition, in pretty binding, price 6d. each volume.

The Brigand Chief, and other Tales.
 The Martyr's Children, and other Tales.
 What a Child can do, and other Tales.
 The Two Hosts, and other Tales.

Chats about the Commandments. By the Author of Aunt Margaret's Little Neighbour; or, Chats about the Rosary. Fcap. 8vo., 3s. In the Press.

The Golden Thought of Queen Beryl, and other Stories. By Marie Cameron. 1s. 6d.; or may be had separately, cheap edition, in pretty binding, price 6d. each volume.

1. The Golden Thought of Queen Beryl; The Brother's Grave.

2. The Rod that Bore Blossoms; Patience and Impatience.

Tales for Children. Little Books of St. Nicholas. By F. B. Bickerstaffe Drew. 1s. each.

1. Oremus; 2. Dominus Vobiscum; 3. Pater Noster; 4. Per Jesum Christum; 5. Veni Creator; 6. Credo; 7. Ave Maria; 8. Ora pro nobis; 9. Corpus Christi; 10. Dei Genitrix; 11. Requiem; 12. Miserere; 13. Deo Gratias; 14. Guardian Angel.

Jack's Boy. By M. F. S. author of "Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales," "Fluffy," etc. 3s. 6d.

"The author of 'Tom's Crucifix' is a favourite with many readers, old and young. There is a tender depth of feeling which runs through every page, and a simple earnestness and manifest truthfulness in the manner and style of the narration which renders

A List of American Importations will be found on page 20, and a List of Dramas, etc., on pages 19 and 26.

Digitized by Google

her stories peculiarly attractive."—Weekly Register. "The more we have of such tales to move kind hearts, the better will it be for the children of the poor in our overgrown towns."—The Month.

Clare's Sacrifice. An impressive little tale, for First Communicants. By C. M. O'Hara. 6d.

Bertram Eldon. By M. A. Pennell, author of "Nellie Gordon." Cloth elegant, 1s.

"Authors who will and can write little books like 'Bertram Eldon,' may hope to do much good thereby, for they are directly helping to inspire children with a love of the neglected poor, which will through after-life bear fruit in works of mercy."—The Month. "We can all learn a lesson from such a career as 'Bertie Eldon's.'."—Catholic Times,

Bellevue and its Owners. By C. Pilley. 2s.

"A family suffers a sudden reverse of fortune by the death of the father and the dishonesty of his agent. The Christian matron shows herself equal to the occasion, and her children find strength in her example, derive benefit from adversity, and struggle forward into happier times."—The Month. "A tale for the young. Its incidents are so arranged as to inculcate the practice of honesty and virtue, and a trust in the goodness of Providence. The juvenile mind will delight in it."—Catholic Times,

The Dark Shadow. A Tale. 3s.

"This is an edifying story, written with feeling and force. The characters and incidents are gathered from the iife of one who endured imprisonment ten years. The prisoner's fall has been deeply considered and made the occasion of a thrilling tale."—The Tablet. "A good Catholic book; a fiction, but practical in its moral, and intended to stimulate true practical charity towards those who have suffered imprisonment after a fault."—New York Catholic Book News.

Story of a Paper Knife. By Henrica Frederic. 1s.

Nellie Gordon, the Factory Girl; or Lost and Saved.

By M. A. Pennell. 6d.

Bible Stories from the Old Testament. Twelve Stories of the Jewish Church, to interest the young in the fortunes of God's ancient Church, by throwing the Scripture narrative into a slightly different form. By Charles Walker. Cloth, extra, 2s. 6d. Cheaper edition, 1s. 6d.

CONTENTS:—The Sacrifice of Abel.—The Ship of Safety.—The City of Confusion.—Melchisedech, King of Salem.—The Sabbath Breaker.—Achan.—The Child Prophet of Silo.—The Building of the Temple.—The Altar at Beth-El.—The Repentance of Nineve.—The Furnace of Babylon.—The Prophecy of Malachias.

The Siege and Conquest of Granada. Allah Akbar—God is Great. From the Spanish. By Mariana Monteiro. Cloth Arabesque, 3s. 6d.

"A highly interesting and romantic story. The book is handsomely got up, and the Illustrations, which are from the pencil of a sister of Miss Monteiro, add much to the beauty of the volume."— Public Opinion. "The Moorish version of the siege and loss of Granada, and may therefore be read in conjunction with Washingion Irving's well-known story, principally derived, as he states, from the Catholic Historians."—The Bookseller.

Gathered Gems from Spanish Authors. By Mariana Monteiro. 3s.

CONTENTS:—The Rosary Bell—The Blind Organist of Seville—The Last Baron of Fortcastells—The Miserere of the Mountains—Three Reminiscences—A Legend of Italy—The Gnomes of Monccay—The Passion Flower—Recollections of an Artistic Excursion—The Laurel Wreath—The Witches of Trasmoz.

"Genuine treasures of romance."—Weekly Register. "Particularly rich in pleasant stories of the purest morality."—Irish Monthly. "Of considerable beauty.... The high moral tone of it renders it far in advance of the majority of tales at the present day."—Public Opinion. "Stories of much grace and freshness."—University Magazine.

The Last Days of the Emperor Charles V., the Monk of the Monastery of Yuste. An Historical Legend of the 16th century. From the Spanish, by Mariana Monteiro. 2s. 6d.

"An exceedingly interesting historical legend. It will amply repay perusal."—Court Circular. "A peculiar interest attaches to the tale."—Weekly Register. "It is well calculated to instruct and entertain the minds of young persons, since it is a tale of piety and also historical."—Tablet. "A very realistic picture of the character of Charles in monastic repose. We have read every page of the volume with much pleasure."—Catholic Times. "The whole narrative just the sort that might be put in the hands of a boy or girl under sixteen with advantage."—Public Opinion. "Well worthy of notice."—The Month.

The Battle of Connemara. By Kathleen O'Meara, author of "A Daughter of St. Dominick." 3s.

"Everything else is but a sketch, compared with the Irish scenes, which are written con amore, and though not very highly coloured, are faithful to life."—Dublin Review. "A charming story, charmingly told."—Irish Monthly. "A book which has interested us; in which others, we doubt not, will take much interest."—Tablet. "The sketch of the Holy Mass in the miserable thatched building is one of the most effective bits of description we have seen; and this portrayal of peasant life, privation, and faith is too accurate to be questioned."—Catholic Times. "This interesting tale."—The Month.

Industry and Laziness. By Franz Hoffman. From the German, by James King. 12mo., 3s.

"This is a capital story for boys. We can assure youthful readers that they will find much to attract them in this adventurous story."—Weekly Register. "The moral is excellent, the interest of the story well sustained."—Tablet. "A good, moral story."—Court Circular. "Any book that tries to save boys and young men from copying the example of John Collins deserves to be encouraged, especially when it is so very readably written and printed as the present tale."—Irish Monthly.

The Fairy Ching; or the Chinese Fairies' Visit to England. By Henrica Frederic. Handsomely bound in cloth extra, 1s., gilt edges 1s. 6d.

My Golden Days. By M. F. S. 12mo., 2s. 6d., or in 3 vols., 1s. each; gilt, 1s. 6d.

The One Ghost of my Life, Willie's Escape, &c.

The Captain's Monkey, &c.

Great Uncle Hugh, Long Dresses, &c.

"They are playfully descriptive of the little ways and experience of young people, and are well suited for reading aloud in a family circle of juveniles."—The Month. "A series of short tales for children, by the delightful author of 'Fluffy' and a score of other charming books for the young."—Weekly Register. "Capital tales for children, nicely told, printed in large type on good paper and neatly bound."—The Bookseller. "Feelings run through them like a stream through flowers, and pretty morals peep out as the reader travels along."—Catholic Times. "This is the latest of the long catalogue of bright and edifying books of short stories for which our young people have to thank M. F. S."—Irish Monthly.

From Sunrise to Sunset. A Catholic Tale. 3s. 6d.

"A story for young readers, with a distinctly religious tendency, well written and interesting."—The Bookseller. "A pleasing tale, of which some of the incidents take place in the Grisons of Switzerland. There is a good power of description of scenery, in very clear grammatical language. In fact, the purity of style of L. B. is quite an example to the average novel writer."—Public Opinion. "A lively, chatty, pleasant little novel, which can do no harm to any one, and may afford amusement to many young persons."—Tablet.

The Two Friends; or, Marie's Self-denial. By Madame d'Arras (*Née* Lechmere). 1s.; gilt, 1s. 6d.

'A little French tale, in the crisis of which the good Empress Eugénie plays a conspicuous part."—Weekly Register.

Andersen's Sketches of Life in Iceland. Translated by Myfanwy Fenton. 2s. 6d.; cheaper edition, 1s. 6d.

"In the one case they are simply pretty tales; in the other curious illustrations of the survival to our own time of thought and manners familiar to every reader of the Sagas."—Graphic. "Ever

welcome additions to the literary flora of a primitive and little-known country, such as Iceland must still be deemed. The Princess of Wales has been pleased to accept this unpretentious little story-book, written in the high latitudes where legends flourish abundantly."—Pubtic Opinion. "Told with simple eloquence. A happy mean of refreshing simplicity which every reader must enjoy."—Catholic Times. "The style is fresh and simple, and the little volume is altogether very attractive."—Weekly Register.

Rest, on the Cross. By E. L. Hervey. Author of "The Feasts of Camelot," &c. 12mo., 3s. 6d.

"This is a heart-thrilling story of many trials and much anguish endured by the heroine. Rest comes to her, where alone it can come to all. The little tale is powerfully and vividly told."—Weekly Register. "Mrs. Hervey has shown a rare talent in the relation of moral tales calculated to fascinate and impress younger readers."—Somerset County Gazette. "An interesting and well-written religious story for young people."—The Bookseller. "An emotional and gushing little novelette."—Church Times. "It is impossible for us to know how far the events and situations are real, and how far imaginary; but if real, they are well related, and if imaginary, they are well conceived."—Tablet. "It is written in the gentlest spirit of charity."—Athenœum.

The Feasts of Camelot, with the Tales that were told there. By Eleanora Louisa Hervey. 3s. 6d.; or separately, Christmas, 1s. 6d.; Whitsuntide, 1s. 6d.

"This is really a very charming collection of tales, told as is evident from the title, by the Knights of the Round Table, at the Court of King Arthur. It is good for children and for grown up people too, to read these stories of knightly courtesy and adventure and of pure and healthy romance, and they have never been written in a more attractive style than by Mrs. Hervey in this little volume."—

Tablet. "This is a very charming story book."—Weekly Register.
"Mrs. Hervey brings the great legendary hero within the reach of children, but the stories are quite sufficiently well told to deserve the perusal of more critical readers."—The Month. "These tales are well constructed, and not one of them is destitute of interest."—Catholic Times. Full of chivalry and knightly deeds, not unmixed with touches of quaint humour."—Court Journal. "A graceful and pleasing collection of stories."—Daily News. "There is a high purpose in this charming book, one which is steadily pursued—it is the setting forth of the true meaning of chivalry."—Morning Post.

Stories from many Lands. By E. L. Hervey. 3s. 6d. "Very well and, above all, very briefly told. The stories are short and varied. The Godmother's Anecdotes are very good stories."—Saturday Review. "A great number of short Stories and Anecdotes of a good moral tone."—Tablet. "A delightful fairy Godmother is this, who promises to rival the famous Princess Scheherezade as a story-teller."—Weekly Register. "Suitable for boys and girls of ten or twelve years, and is capable of teaching them not a few wholesome truths in an agreeable but really impressive manner."—Illustrated London News. "A charming col-

lection of tales, illustrating some great truths."—Church Times. "With a few exceptions each story has 'some heart of meaning in t,' and tends to kindle in the mind all that is good and noble,"—Windsor Gazette. "A collection of short stories, anecdotes, and apologues on various topics, delightfully told."—Atheneum.

A Daughter of St. Dominic. By Grace Ramsay (Kathleen O'Meara). 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; cloth extra, 2s.

"A beautiful little work. The narrative is highly interesting."—
Dublin Review. "It is full of courage and faith and Catholic heroism."—Universe. "A beautiful picture of the wonders effected by ubiquitous charity, and still more by fervent prayer."—Tablet.

Bessy; or the Fatal Consequence of Telling Lies. 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.

"This is a very good tale to put into the hands of young servants."

— Tablet. "The moral teaching is of course thoroughly Catholic, and conveyed in a form extremely interesting."—Weekly Register.

Canon Schmid's Tales. New translation, with Original Illustrations, 3s. 6d. Separately: 1. Canary Bird; 2. Dove; 3. Inundation; 4. Rose Tree; 5. Water Jug; 6. Wooden Cross; 6d. each, or 1s. gilt.

Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales. By M. F. S. 3s.6d. or separately, 1s. each, or 1s. 6d. gilt.

Tom's Crucifix, and Pat's Rosary. Good for Evil, and Joe Ryan's Repentance. The Old Prayer Book, and Charlie Pearson's Medal. Catherine's Promise, and Norah's Temptation. Annie's First Prayer, and Only a Picture.

"Simple stories for the use of teachers of Christian doctrine."

—Universe. "This is a volume of short, plain, and simple stories, written with the view of illustrating the Catholic religion practically by putting Catholic practices in an interesting light before the mental eyes of children. The whole of the tales in the volume before us are exceedingly well written."—Weekly Register.

Fluffy. A Tale for Boys. By M. F. S., author cf "Tom's Crucifix and other Tales." 3s. 6d.

"A charming little story. The narrative is as wholesome through out as a breath of fresh air, and as beautiful in the spirit of it as a beam of moonlight."—Weekly Register. "The tale is well told, We cannot help feeling an interest in the fortunes of Fluffy."—Tablet.

The Three Wishes. A Tale. By M. F. S. 2s. 6d. Cheaper edition, 1s. 6d.

"A pretty neatly told story for girls. There is much quiet pathos

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

in it and a warm Catholic spirit."—The Month. "We are glad to welcome this addition to the story-books for which the author is already favourably known."—United Irishman. "The tale is singularly interesting. The story of Gertrude with her gratified wish has about it all the interest of a romance, and will, no doubt, find especial favour."—Weekly Register. "Like everything which M. F. S. writes, the book is full of interest."—Tablet. The chief heroine is a striking model of what a young woman ought to be, and may become, if animated by sincere desire."—Catholic Times.

Catherine Hamilton. By M. F. S. 2s. 6d.; gilt, 3s. "We have no doubt this will prove a very attractive book to the little folks, and would be glad to see it widely circulated."—Catholic World. "A short, simple, and well-told story, illustrative of the power of grace to correct bad temper in a wayward girl."—Weekly Register. "We are very much pleased with this little book."—Tablet.

Catherine grown Older. By M. F. S. 2s. 6d.; gilt 3s. "Those who are familiar with the history of Catherine in her wayward childhood will welcome with no little satisfaction this sequel to her story from the hand of the same charming writer. There is a simplicity about the style and an earnest tenderness in the manner of the narrative which renders it singularly impressive."—Weekly Register. "Catherine's character will delight English children."—Tablet.

Stories for my Children.—The Angels and the Sacraments. Square 16mo. 1s.

Simple Tales. Square 16mo., cloth antique, 2s. 6d.

"Contains five pretty stories of a true Catholic tone, interspersed with some short pieces of poetry. . Are very affecting, and told in such a way as to engage the attention of any child."—Register. "This is a little book which we can recommend with great confidence. The tales are simple, beautiful, and pathetic."—Catholic Opinion. "It belongs to a class of books of which the want is generally much felt by Catholic parents."—Dublin Review. "Beautifully written. 'Little Terence' is a gem of a Tale."—Tablet.

Terry O'Flinn. By the Very Rev. Dr. Tandy. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.

"The writer possesses considerable literary power."—Register.
"A most singular production."—Universe. "An unpretending yet a very touching story."—Waterford News. "Excellent indeed is the idea of embodying into a story the belief that there is ever beside us a guardian angel who reads the thoughts of our hearts and strives to turn us to good."—Catholic World. "The idea is well sustained throughout."—Church Times.

The Adventures of a Protestant in Search of a Religion: being the Story of a late Student of Divinity at Bunyan Baptist College; a Nonconformist Minister, who seceded to the Catholic Church. By Iota. 3s. 6d.; cheap edition, 2s.

"Will well repay its perusal."—Universe. "This precious vol-

ume."—Baptist. "No one will deny 'Iota' the merit of entire originality."—Civilian. "A valuable addition to every Catholic library." Tablet. "There is much cleverness in it."—Nonconformist. "Malicious and wicked."—English Independent. "An admirable and amusing, yet truthful and genuinely sparkling work. The characters are from life."—Catholic Opinion.

The Village Lily. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.; gilt, 1s. 6d.

"Charming little story."- Weekly Register.

Fairy Tales for Little Children. By Madeleine Howley Meehan. 6d.; cloth, 1s. and 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.

"Full of imagination and dreams, and at the same time with excellent point and practical aim, within the reach of the intelligence of infants."—Universe. "Pleasing, simple stories, combining instruction with amusement."—Register. A pretty little book to give to imaginative young ones."—Tablet.

Rosalie; or, the Memoirs of a French Child. Written by herself. 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.

"It is prettily told, and in a natural manner. The account of Rosalie's illness and First Communion is very well related. We can recommend the book for the reading of children."—Tablet. "The tenth chapter is beautiful."—Universe. "The lessons inculcated tend to improve the youthful mind. We cannot too strongly recommend the book."—Waterford News. "This is one of those nicely written stories for children which we now and then come across."—Catholic World. "Charmingly written."—Church Herald.

The Story of Marie and other Tales. Fcap. 2s. 6d., gilt, 3s.; or separately:—The Story of Marie, 2d.; Nelly Blane, and A Contrast, 2d.; A Conversion and a Death-Bed, 2d.; Herbert Montagu, 2d.; Jane Murphy, The Dying Gipsy, and The Nameless Grave, 2d.; The Beggars, and True and False Riches, 2d.; Pat and his Friend, 2d.

"A very nice little collection of stories, thoroughly Catholic in their teaching."—Tablet. "A series of short pretty stories, told with much simplicity."—Universe. "A number of short pretty stories, replete with religious teaching, told in simple language."—Weekly Register.

Sir Ælfric and other Tales. By the Rev. G. Bampfield. 18mo. 6d.; cloth, 1s.; gilt, 1s. 6d.

The Last of the Catholic O'Malleys. A Tale. By M. Taunton. cloth, 1s. 6d.; stronger bound, 2s.

"A sad and stirring tale, simply written, and sure to secure for itself readers."—Tablet. "Deeply interesting. It is well adapted for parochial and school libraries."—Weekly Register. "A very pleasing tale."—The Month. "Simply and naturally told."—Freeman's Yournal.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

Eagle and Dove. From the French of Zénaïde Fleuriot. By Emily Bowles, 5s.; cheap edition, 2s. 6d.

"We recommend our readers to peruse this well-written story."—
Register. "One of the very best stories we have ever dipped into."—Church Times. "Admirable in tone and purpose."—Church Herald. "A real gain. It possesses merits far above the pretty fictions got up by English writers."—Dublin Review. "There is an air of truth and sobriety about this little volume, nor is there any attempt at sensation."—Tablet.

Legends of the 13th Century. By the Rev. Henry Collins. 3s.; or in 3 vols., 1s. 6d. each.

"A casket of jewels. Most fascinating as legends and none the less profitable for example, consolation, and encouragement."— Weskly Register. "The legends are full of deep spiritual teaching, and they are almost all authenticated."—Tablet. "Well translated and beautifully got up."—The Month. "Full of heavenly wisdom,"—Catholic Opinion. "The volume reminds us forcibly of Rodriguez's 'Christian Perfection.""—Dublin Review.

Cloister Legends; or, Convents and Monasteries in the Olden Time. Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 4s.

"Deeply interesting and edifying."—Weekly Register. "A charming book of tales of the olden time."—Catholic Opinion. "A charming volume."—Universe. "All more or less interesting and well told."—Tablet. "The stories are very well told."—Month.

Keighley Hall and other Tales. By Elizabeth King. 6d.; cloth, 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.

"The religious teaching is very good, and stamps the work as being that of a loyal member of the one true Church."—Tablet. "The Tales are Catholic to the backbone."—Weekly Register. "Interesting and well-written stories."—Westminster Gazette. "Very interesting as stories."—Church News. "Full of devotion and piety."—Northern Press.

Chats about the Rosary; or, Aunt Margaret's Little Neighbours. Fcap. 8vo. 3s.

"There is scarcely any devotion so calculated as the Rosary to keep up a taste for piety in little children, and we must be grateful for any help in applying its lessons to the daily life of those who already love it in their unconscious tribute to its value and beauty."—Month. "We do not know of a better book for reading aloud to children, it will teach them to understand and to love the Rosary."—Tablet. Illustrative of each of the mysteries, and connecting each with the practice of some particular virtue."—Catholic Opinion. "This pretty book carries out a very good idea, much wanted, to impress upon people who do not read much the vivid picture or story of each mystery of the Rosary."—Dublin Review.

Margarethe Verflassen. Translated from the German by Mrs. Smith Sligo. 1s. 6d. and 3s.; gilt, 3s. 6d.

"A portrait of a very holy and noble soul, whose life was passed in constant practical acts of the love of God."—Weekly Register.
"It is the picture of a true woman's life, well fitted up with the practice of ascetic devotion and loving unwearied activity about al' the works of mercy."—Tablet. "Those who may wish to know something about Convent life will find it faithfully pourtrayed in every important particular in the volume before us. We cordially commend it to our readers."—Northern Star.

A Romance of Repentance; or, the Heroine of Vesuvius. A remarkable sensation of the Seventeenth Century. By Rev. Dr. O'Reilly. 3s. 6d.

Ned Rusheen. By Sister M. F. Clare. 5s.

The Prussian Spy. A Novel. By V. Valmont. 4s. Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward. By Miss Bridges Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

Adolphus; or, the Good Son. 18mo. gilt, 6d.
Nicholas; or, the Reward of a Good Action. 6d.
The Lost Children of Mount St. Bernard. Gilt, 6d.
The Baker's Boy; or, the Results of Industry. 6d.
A Broken Chain. 18mo. gilt, 6d.

Tales and Sketches. By Charles Fleet. 8vo. 3s. 6d. The Catholic "Pilgrim's Progress"—The Journey of Sophia and Eulalie to the Palace of True Happiness. Translated by the Rev. Father Bradbury, Mount St. Bernard's. 1s. 6d., better bound, 3s. 6d.

'The book is essentially suited to women, and especially to those who purpose devoting themselves to the hidden life of sanctity. It will prove, however, a useful gift to many young ladies whose lot is in the world."—Weekly Register. "This mode of teaching imparts an extraordinary degree of vividness and reality."—Church Review. "Unquestionably the book is one that for a certain class of minds will have a great charm."—The Scotsman. "No one can weary with the perusal, and most people will enjoy it very much."—Tablet.

Rupert Aubray. By the Rev. T. J. Potter. 3s.

Percy Grange. By the same author. 3s.

Farleyes of Farleye. By the same author. 2s. 6d. Sir Humphrey's Trial. By the same author. 2s. 6d.

The Victims of the Mamertine. Scenes from the Early Church. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. D.D. 5s.

Cardinal Wolsey; or the Abbot of St. Cuthbert's. By Agnes Stewart. 6s. 6d.

Limerick Veteran. By the same. 5s. and 6s.

Life in the Cloister. By the same. 3s. 6d.

Festival Tales. By J. F. Waller. 3s. 6d.

Revelations of Ireland. 1s.

The Kishoge Papers. Tales of Devilry and Drollery 1s. 6d.

Diary of a Confessor of the Faith. 12mo., 1s.

Pearl among the Virtues. By Rev. P. A. De Doss. 3s. Recollections of the Reign of Terror. By the Abbé

Dumesnil. 2s. 6d.

Tim O'Halloran's Choice; or, From Killarney to New York. By Sister M. F. Clare. 3s. 6d.

The Silver Teapot. By Elizabeth King. 18mo., 4d. The First Christmas for our dear little ones. By Miss Mulholland. 15 Illustrations, 4to. 6s.

Legends of the Saints. By M. F. S., author of "Stories of the Saints." Square 16mo., 3s. 6d.

"A pretty little book, couched in studiously simple language."—Church Times. "A number of short legends, told in simple language for young readers by one who has already given us two charming volumes of 'Stories of the Saints.'"—Tablet. "Here we have more than fifty tales, told with singular taste, and ranging over a vast geographical area. Not one of them will be passed over by the reader."—Catholic Times. "A delightful boon for youthful readers."—Weekly Register. "It is got up in the most attractive as well as substantial style as regards binding. paper, and typography, while the simple and beautiful legends are told in a graceful and flowing manner, which cannot fail to rivet the attention and interest of the youthful reader."—United Irishman.

Stories of the Saints. By M. F. S., author of "Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales," "Catherine Hamilton," &c. 5 series, each 3s. 6d., gilt, 4s. 6d.

"As lovely a little book as we have seen for many a day."—Weekly Register. "Interesting not only for children but for persons of every age and degree."—Tablet. "A great desideratum. Very pleasantly written."—The Month. "A very attractive volume. A delightful book."—Union Review. "Admirably adapted for reading aloud to children, or for their own private reading."—Catholic Opinion. "Being full of anecdotes, they are especially attractive."—Church Herald. "Well selected."—Dublin Review.

Stories of Holy Lives. By M. F. S. Fcp. 8vo., 3s. 6d.

"The stories seem well put together."—The Month. "It sets before us clearly and in simple language the most striking features in the character and history of many whose very names are dear to the hearts of Catholics."—Tablet.

Stories of Martyr Priests. By M. F. S. 12mo., 3s. 6d.

"The stories are written with the utmost simplicity, and with such an earnest air of reality about every page that the youthful reader may forget that he has a book in his hand, and can believe that he is 'listening to a story.'"-Weekly Regiser. "It has been the task of the writer, while adhering strictly to historical facts, to present the lives of these Christian heroes in a pleasing and attractive form, so that, while laying before the youthful minds deeds as thrilling as any to be found in the pages of 10mance, a chapter in her history is laid open which is at once the glory and the shame of England."-"Short memoirs well written and which cannot United Irishman. fail to attract not only 'the Catholic Boys of England,' to whom the book is dedicated, but also all the men and women of England to whom the Catholic faith is dear."-Tablet. "Sad stories of over thirty Priests who perished for conscience sake."—Catholic Times. "No lives of great men can depict so glorious a picture as these Stories of Martyred Priests, and we trust they will be read far and wide."-Dublin Review.

The Story of the Life of St. Paul. By M. F. S., author of "Legends of the Saints," &c. 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d.

"A most attractive theme for the prolific pen of the author of 'Tom's Crucifix and other Tales."—Weekly Register. "The author knew instinctively how to present the incidents most effectively, and has made the most of them."—Catholic Times.

The Panegyrics of Fr. Segneri, S.J. Translated from the original Italian. With a Preface by the Rev. Fr. W. Humphrey, S.J. Crown 8vo., 6s.

CONTENTS.—The Immaculate Conception—The Blessed Virgin—St. Joseph—St. John the Evangelist—St. John the Baptist—St. Stephen—St. Ignatius of Loyola—St. Francis Xavier—St. Aloysius Gonzaga—St. Thomas of Aquin—St. Philip Neri—St. Antony of Padua—The Blessed Sacrament—The Holy Winding Sheet—The Angel Guardian.

Albertus Magnus: his Life and Scholastic Labours. From original Documents. By Professor Sighart. Translated by Rev. Fr. T. A. Dixon, O.P. With a Portrait. 8vo., 10s. 6d.; cheap edition, 5s.

"A translation of Dr. Sighart's 'Albertus Magnus' will be welcome in many quarters. The volume is admirably printed and beautifully got up, and the frontispiece is a valuable engraving of B. Albert's portrait after Fiesole."—Dublin Review. "Albert the Great is not well known... yet he is one of those pioneers of inductive philosophy whom our modern men of science cannot with-

out black ingratitude forget. His memory should be dear not only to those who value the sanctity of life, but to those also who try, as he did, to wrest from nature the reason of her doings."—The Month. "The volume is a large one, as befits the subject, and it carries the reader through most of the scenes of Albert's life with a graphic power... We recommend this book as worthy a place in every library."—Catholic Times. "The fullest record that has ever been penned of one of the grandest luminaries in the history of the Church."—Weekly Register. "The book is extremely interesting, full of information, and displays great power of research and critical judgment.... The volume is eminently worth perusal."—Tablet. "One of the most interesting religious biographies recently issued from the Catholic press."—Irish Monthly.

Life of St. Wenefred, Virgin Martyr and Abbess,
Patroness of North Wales and Shrewsbury. By
Rev. T. Meyrick, M.A. With Frontispiece, 2s.

Lives of the Saints for every Day in the Year. Beautifully printed on thick toned paper, within borders from ancient sources. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, 4to.25s.

Lives of the First Religious of the Visitation of Holy Mary. By Mother Frances Magdalen de Chaugy. 2 vols., 10s.:—or separately.

Life of Mother Marie Jacqueline Favre, Mother Jeanne Charlotte de Bréchard, Mother Peronne Marie de Châtel, Mother Claude Agnes Joli de la Roche. 6s.

Life of Sister Claude Simplicienne Fardel, Sister Marie Aimée de Chantal, Sister Françoise Gabrielle Bally, Sister Marie Denise de Martignat, Sister Anne Jacqueline Coste, Sister Marie Péronne Pernet, Sister Marie Séraphique de Chamflours. 6s.

S. Vincent Ferrer, his Life, Spiritual Teaching, and practical Devotion. By Fr. Pradel. Translated by Rev. Fr. Dixon, O.P. With Photograph, 5s.

Life of S. Bernardine of Siena. With a portrait, 5s.

Life of S. Philip Benizi. With a portrait, 5s.

Life of S. Veronica Giuliani, and Blessed Battista, Varani. With a portrait, 5s.

Life of S. John of God. With a portrait, 5s.

Life of the Ven. Elizabeth Canori Mora. From the Italian, with Preface by Lady Herbert, and Photograph. 3s. 6d.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London,

The Lives of the Early Popes. By Rev. Thomas Meyrick, M.A., 8vo. St. Peter to St. Silvester, 4s. 6d. From the time of Constantine to Charlemagne, 5s. 6d.

Life of B. Giovanni Colombini. By Feo Belcari. Translated from the editions of 1541 and 1832.

With a Photograph. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Life of Sister Mary Frances of the Five Wounds. From the Italian. By Rev. D. Ferris. 2s. 6d.

Sketch of the Life and Letters of the Countess Adelstan. By E. A. M., author of "Rosalie, or the Memoirs of a French Child," "Life of Paul Seigneret," &c. 1s.; better bound, 2s. 6d.

"The great interest of the book, even above the story of the conversion of her husband, is the question of education. The essay on the bringing up of children and the comparative merits and denerits of Convent and home education, is well worth the careful study both of parents and those entrusted with the task of instruc-.ion."-The Month. "Her judgments are always wise."-Catholic Opinion. "We can safely recommend this excellent little biographical sketch. It offers no exciting interest, but it is calculated to edify all."-Tablet.

Life of Paul Seigneret, Seminarist of Saint-Sulpice. 6d.; cloth, 1s.; better bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.

"An affecting and well-told narrative. . . It will be a great favourite, especially with our pure-minded, high-spirited young people." -Universe. "We commend it to parents with sons under their care, and especially do we recommend it to those who are charged with the education and training of our Catholic youth."-Register.

Inner Life of Père Lacordaire, 6s. 6d.

Life of Sister Mary Cherubina Clare of S. Francis. With Preface by Lady Herbert, and Photograph, 3s. 6d.

Life and Letters of Sir Thomas More. By A. M. Stewart. Illustrated, 8vo., 10s. 6d.; gilt, 11s 6d.

Life of Gregory Lopez, the Hermit. By Canon Doyle, O.S.B. With a Photograph. 12mo., 3s. 6d.

St. Angela Merici. Her Life, her Virtues, and her Institute. 12mo., 3s.

Life of St. Columba, &c. By M. F. Cusack. 8vo., 6s. Life and Prophecies of S. Columbkille. 3s. 6d.

Recollections of Cardinal Wiseman, &c. By M. J. Arnold, 2s. 6d.

Prince and Saviour. A Life of Christ for the Young. By Rosa Mulholland. 6d. Illustrated, 2s. 6d.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

Life and Miracles of St. Benedict. From St. Gregory the Great, by Rev. Dom E. J. Luck. 4to., 10s. 6d. With 52 large Photographs, 31s. 6d. Small Edition, fcap. 8vo., 2s.; stronger bound, 2s. 6d.

Life of St. Boniface. By Mrs. Hope. 6s.

Life of Fr. Benvenuto Bambozzi, O.M.C., of the Conventual Friars Minor. Translated from the Italian of Fr. Nicholas Treggiari, D.D. 5s.

Life of the Ven. Anna Maria Taigi. From the French of Calixte, by A. V. Smith Sligo. 2s. 6d.; better bound, 5s.

Venerable Mary Christina of Savoy. 6d.

Life of Father Mathew. By Sister Mary Francis Clare. 2s. 6d.

Life of St. Patrick. 12mo. 1s.; 8vo., 6s., gilt, 1os. -Life of St. Bridget, and of other Saints of Ireland. 1s.

The Life of Our Lord. With Introduction by Dr. Husenbeth. Illustrated. 58-

Life, Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Our Blessed Lord. Translated from Ribadeneira. 1s.

Life of S. Edmund of Canterbury. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

Life of St. Francis of Assisi. From St. Bonaventure. By Miss Lockhart. With Photograph, 3s. 6d.

Life of St. German. 3s. 6d.; Stephen Langton. 2s. 6d.

Life of Cardinal Wiseman. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Life of Count de Montalembert. By G. White. 6d. Life of Mgr. Weedall. By Dr. Husenbeth. 5s.

Pius IX. By J. F. Maguire. 6s.

Pius IX. From his Birth to his Death. By G. White. 6d. Life of the Ever-Blessed Virgin. 13.

Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes: a Faithful Narrative of the Apparitions of the Blessed Virgin. By F. C. Husenbeth, D.D. 18mo. 6d.; cloth, 1s.; with Novena, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. Novena, separately,

4d.; Litany, 1d., or 6s. per 100. Medal, 1d.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London,

A Month at Lourdes and its Neighbourhood in the Summer of 1877. By Hugh Caraher. Two Illustrations, 2s.

The History of the Blessed Virgin. By Orsini. Translated by Dr. Husenbeth. Illustrated, 3s. 6d.

Devotion to Our Lady in North America. By the Rev. Xavier Donald Macleod. 8vo. 5s.

"The work of an author than whom few more gifted writers have ever appeared among us. It is not merely a religious work, but it has all the charms of an entertaining book of travels. We can hardly find words to express our high admiration of it."—Weekly Register.

The Victories of Rome. By Rev. Fr. Beste. 1s.

The History of the Italian Revolution. The Revolution of the Barricades. (1796—1849.) By the Chevalier O'Clery, M.P., K.S.G. 8vo. 7s. 6d.; cheap edition, 3s. 6d.

"The volume is ably written, and by a man who is acquainted with the subject about which he writes."—Athenæum. "Wellwritten, and contains many passages that are marked by candour and amiability."-Guardian. "Mr. O'Clery's graphic and truthful no means heavy reading."—*Pilot.* "It was a happy thought on the part of Mr. O'Clery to conceive the possibility of contributing something towards the removal of the existing ignorance; and it was better still to have girded himself up to the task of giving execution to his thought in the very able and satisfactory manner in which he has done his work."-The Month. "The author grasps the whole subject of the Revolution with a master mind From the first page to the last it is of absorbing interest."—Catholic Times. "Written with the calmness of the historian, yet with something of the energy of faith, this book cannot fail to be most interesting to Catholics. The style is easy and enjoyable."—Tablet. "In every line of the book we find a vigour and freshness of mind, combined with a maturity of judgment on the great question at 'issue."-Wexford People.

Two Years in the Pontifical Zouaves. By Joseph Powel, Z.P. With 4 Engravings. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"It affords us much pleasure, and deserves the notice of the Catholic public."—Tablet. "Familiar names meet the eye on every page, and as few Catholic circles in either country have not had a friend or relative at one time or another serving in the Pontifical Zouaves, the history of the formation of the corps, of the gallant youths, their sufferings, and their troubles, will be valued as something more than a contribution to modern Roman history."—Freeman's yournal.

R Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

Rome and her Captors. Letters collected and edited by Count Henri d'Ideville, and translated by

F. R. Wegg-Prosser. Cr. 8vo. 4s.

"The letters describe the attempted capture of Rome by Garibaldi; and the tissue of events which brought about in 1870 the seizure of Rome by Victor Emanuel."—Dublin Review. "A series of letters graphically depicting the course of political events in Italy, and showing in its true light the dishonesty of the Piedmontese government, the intrigues of Prussia, and the ill-treatment to which the Pope has been subjected. We most cordially recommend the volume to our readers."—Church Herald. "One of the most opportune contributions that could be made to popular literature."—Cork Examiner. "We have read the book carefully, and have found it full of interest."—Catholic Opinion.

Personal Recollections of Rome. By W. J. Jacob, Esq., late of the Pontifical Zouaves. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

"An interesting description of the Eternal City... The value of the Pamphlet is enhanced by a catena of authorities on the Temporal Power."—Tablet. "All will read it with pleasure, and many to their profit."—Weekly Register. "We cordially recommend an attentive perusal of Mr. Jacob's book."—Nation.

To Rome and Back. Fly-leaves from a Flying Tour. Edited by W. H. Anderdon, S.J. 12mo., 2s.

Graphic and vigorous sketches. As Father Anderdon says, Truly they have their special interest, by reason of date no less than or place and scene. 'To Rome and Back' refers to Rome and back at the time of the Papal Jubilee. It is as beautiful a celebration of that memorable event as has anywhere appeared."—Weekly Register. "We note in the Authoress a power of condensing a description in a bold and striking metaphor. There is all a woman's quickness and keenness of perception, and a power of sympathy with the noble, the beautiful, and the true."—The Month. "A charming book. . Besides pleasant description, there is evidence of much thought in parts of the book."—Dublin Review.

The First Apostles of Europe. The 2nd Edition of "The Conversion of the Teutonic Race." By

Mrs. Hope. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 10s.

"Mrs. Hope has quite grasped the general character of the Teutonic nations and their true position with regard to Rome and the world in general... It is a great thing to find a writer of a book of this class so clearly grasping and so boldly setting forth truths, which familiar as they are to scholars, are still utterly unknown—or worse than unknown, utterly misconceived—by most of the writers of our smaller literature."—Saturday Review. "A brilliant and compact history of the Germans, Franks, and the various tribes of the former Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, who jointly formed the Anglo-Saxon, or, more correctly, English people. ... Many of the episodes and notices of the Apostolic Missionaries, as well as the general story, are very happily and gracefully conveyed."—Northern Star. "This is a real addition to our Catholic literature."—Tablet. "In the first place it is good in itself, possessing

considerable literary merit; then it fills up a blank, which has never yet been occupied, to the generality of readers, and lastly and beyond all, it forms one of the few Catholic books brought out in this country which are not translations or adaptations from across the Channel. It is a growth of individual intellectual labour, fed from original sources, and fused by the polish of a cultivated and discerning mind."—Dublin Review. "Mrs. Hope's historical works are always valuable."—Weekly Register. "A very valuable work... Mrs. Hope has compiled an original history, which gives constant evidence of great erudition, and sound historical judgment."

—The Month. "This is a most taking book: it is solid history and romance in one."—Catholic Opinion. "It is carefully, and in many parts beautifully written, and the account of the Irish monks is most instructive and interesting."—Universe.

BY ARTHUR AND T. W. M. MARSHALL.

Comedy of Convocation in the English Church. Edited by Archdeacon Chasuble, D.D. 2s. 6d.

The Oxford Undergraduate of Twenty Years Ago: his Religion, his Studies, his Antics. By a Bachelor of Arts. 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The writing is full of brilliancy and point."—Tablet. "It will deservedly attract attention, not only by the briskness and liveliness of its style, but also by the accuracy of the picture which it probably gives of an individual experience."—The Month.

The Infallibility of the Pope. A Lecture. 8vo. 1s.

"A splendid lecture, by one who thoroughly understands his subject, and in addition is possessed of a rare power of language in which to put before others what he himself knows so well."—Universe. "There are few writers so well able to make things plain and intelligible as the author of 'The Comedy of Convocation.'...
The lecture is a model of argument and style."—Register.

Reply to the Bishop of Ripon's Attack on the Catholic Church. 6d.

The Harmony of Anglicanism. Report of a Conference on Church Defence. 2s. 6d.

"'Church Defence' is characterised by the same caustic irony, the same good-natured satire, the same logical acuteness which distinguished its predecessor, the 'Comedy of Convocation.' . . . A more scathing bit of irony we have seldom net with."—Tablet. "Clever, humorous, witty, learned, written by a keen but sarcastic observer of the Establishment, it is calculated to make defenders wince as much as it is to make all others smile."—Nonconformist.

Marshalliana—The above 5 pamphlets in one volume, 426 pages, 8vo., published at 10s. in paper covers, now offered for 6s. in cloth.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

Holy Places; their Sanctity and Authenticity. By the Rev. Fr. Philpin. With Maps. Crown 8vo. 6s.; cheap edition, 2s. 6d.

"Fr. Philpin weighs the comparative value of extraordinary, ordinary, and natural evidence, and gives an admirable summary of the witness of the early centuries regarding the holy places of Jerusalem, with archæological and architectural proofs. It is a complete treatise of the subject."—Month. "The author treats his subject with a thorough system, and a competent knowledge."—Church Herald,

Dramas, Comedies, Farces.

The Violet Sellers. Drama in Three Acts. Children. 6d.

Whittington and his Cat. Drama in Nine Scenes. Children. 6d.

St. Eustace. A Drama in Five Acts. Male. 1s.

St. William of York. A Drama in Two Acts. *Male.* 6d. He would be a Lord. Comedy in Three Acts. *Male.* 2s.

He would be a Lord. Comedy in Three Acts. Male. 2s. He would be a Soldier. Comedy in 2 Acts. Male. 6d. The Enchanted Violin. Comedy in Two Acts.

Male. 6d.

Darby the Dodger. Comic Drama in Four Acts.

Mixed. 1s.

Finola. An Opera, from Moore's Melodies, in Four Acts. 1s.

Shandy Maguire. A Farce in Two Acts. *Male.* 2s. The Duchess Transformed. A Comedy in One Act. By W. H. A. *Female.* 6d.

The Reverse of the Medal. A Drama in Four Acts. Female. 6d.

Ernscliff Hall: or, Two Days Spent with a Great-Aunt. A Drama in Three Acts. Female. 6d.

Filiola. A Drama in Four Acts. Female. 6d.

The Convert Martyr; or, Dr. Newman's "Callista," dramatised by Dr. Husenbeth. 2s.

Shakespeare. Tragedies and Comedies. Expurgated edition for Schools. By Rosa Baughan. 6s. Comedies, in a separate volume, 3s. 6d.

Road to Heaven. A game for family parties, 1s. & 2s.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London,

R. WASHBOURNE'S

Catalogue of Books from America.

		٥.	ч
Adventures of a Casquet, The	• • • •	2	1
Alba's Dream, and other Stories	• • • •	6	•
Alvareda Family, The, and other Stories (Perico)		6	(
Alice Harmon, and other Tales. By an "Exile of Erin	n "	5	(
Amulet, The. By Conscience		4	(
Anecdotes, Catholic. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. 3 vols.		11	(
Anthony; or, the Silver Crucifix		2	(
Apostleship of Prayer. By Rev. H. Ramière	•••	6	(
Arianism and the Council of Nice (Thalia)		6	(
Ars Rhetorica. Auctore R. P. Martino du Cygne	• • • •	3	(
Assunta Howard, and other Stories and Sketches			(
Barbara Leigh. A Christmas Sketch. By A. L. S.		3	(
Bertha; or, The Consequence of a Fault	•••	_	,
Better Part, The. A Tale from Real Life		2	6
Bible. Large 4to., morocco elegant, with clasps		72	c
Bible. 4to., morocco	•••	•	c
Bible. 8vo., morocco, 25s.; persian calf			c
Bible. 18mo., cloth, 6s.; persian calf 8s. & 9s.; mor			
11s. 6d. & 18s.; calf		20	c
Bible History for the Use of Catholic Schools.			
Teacher Illustrated	•	5	e
Bible History for the Use of Schools. By Rev. R. Giln	nour.	,	•
711		2	o
Blanche de Marsilly. An Episode of the Revolution	•••	2	6
Blessed Virgin in North America, Devotion to. B	v Fr	-	Ĭ
Macleod	,	5	٥
Blessed Virgin, Life of the. By Rt. Rev. A. P. Du	ınan-	3	•
loup, and others. Illustrated		10	6
Burgomaster's Daughter (Strange)			6
Cantiones Sacrae. By Fr. Mohr	•••	5	o
Captain Rougemont; or, the Miraculous Conversion		-	6
Cassilda; or, The Moorish Princess of Toledo		_	6
Catholic Directory for the United States, Ireland		-	Ŭ
England. 6s.; cloth		8	٥
Catholic Keepsake. A Gift Book for all Seasons			٥
Catholic Youth's Library, 6 vols		_	٥
Or separately; Mysterious Beggar, 2s. 6d.; The	I	. 2	J
cluse, 2s. 6d.; The Two Brothers, 2s. 6d.; Young Flo	1/C-		
141 41 00 41 00 41 00 5			
Maker, 2s. 6d.; The Leper's Son, 2s. 6d.; The Di	TIND		

		s.	đ.
Catholicity in the Carolinas and Georgia. By Rev. Dr. J.	J.		
	:	12	C
Christian Mother-The Education of her Children and he			
Prayer. From the German of Rev. W. Cramer .			C
Christmas for our dear Little Ones, The First. Illustrate	d	6	
Church History. By Alzog. 3 vols. 8vo Church History. By Darras. 4 vols., 8vo	(6 0	C
Church History. By Darras. 4 vols., 8vo	4	₄ 8	C
Church History, Compendium of. By Noethen .		8	0
Church and the Gentile World at the First Promulgation	n		
of the Gospel. By Rev. A. J. Thébaud, S. J. 3 vols Communion, Holy. By Hubert Lebon Conscience's Works, 8 vols	2	24	О
Communion, Holy. By Hubert Lebon		4	0
Conscience's Works, 8 vols	3	32	0
Or separately: The Amulet, 4s.; The Conscript an	d		
Blind Rosa, 4s.; Count Hugo, 4s.; The Fisherman			
Daughter, 4s.; Happiness of Being Rich, 4s.; Ludovi	С		
and Gertrude, 4s.; The Village Innkeeper, 4s.; The	е		
Young Doctor, 4s.			
Conscript and Blind Rosa. By Conscience		4	0
Consequence of a Fault (Bertha)		2	0
Convert, The; or, Leaves from My Experience. By O. A.	١.		
		8	0
		I	o
		0	6
Count Hugo, of Graenhove. By Conscience		4	0
		6	c
Crown of Thorns, Mystery of. By a Passionate Father		5	0
		0	6
Dalaradia; or, The Days of King Milcho. By W. Collins		5	
		5	0
Divine Sanctuary, The. A Series of Meditations upon th			
Litany of the Sacred Heart. By the Rev. T. S. Presto	a	4	0
Divinity of Christ, The. By Rt. Rev. Dr. Rosecrans	•	2	6
Donna Dolores (King's) Dumb Boy (Catholic Youth)	•	4	0
Dumb Boy (Catholic Youth)		2	6
Ecclesiastical Law, Elements of. By Rev. S. B. Smith, D. f.			0
Emerald Gems. Irish Fireside Tales Epistles and Gospels, Explanation of. By Goffine		6	0
Epistles and Gospels, Explanation of. By Goffine		9	o
		3	0
European Civilization, Protestantism and Catholicity			
Compared. By Balmes Evidences of Catholicity. By Archbishop Spalding	. І	2	0
Evidences of Catholicity. By Archbishop Spalding	. І	2	0
Evidences of Religion. By L. Jouin, S. J		6	0

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

•	s.	đ.
Faith of Our Fathers, The; being a Plain Exposition and		
Vindication of the Church Founded by our Lord Jesus		
Christ. By the Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons	4	0
Cheap edition, in paper covers, 2s.		
Pickle Fortune. A Story of Place La Grève. By Christine		
D 1	4	0
Fisherman's Daughter, The. By Conscience	4	0
	4	0
Francis Xavier (St.), Life of. From the Italian of Bartoli		
and Maffei	8	0
Friendly Voice; or, the Daily Monitor	0	6
Future of Catholic Peoples Protestant and Catholic		
Civilization Compared. By Baron de Haulleville	6	o
Genius of Christianity. By Chateaubriand	10	6
God our Father. By a Father of the Society of Jesus		o
Golden Sands. ("Paillettes d'Or.") A Collection of Little	•	
Counsels for the Sanctification and Happiness of Daily		
Life. First and Second Series, each	.1	0
Good Thoughts for Priests and People; or, Short Medi-	•	
tations for every Day in the Year. By Rev. T. Noethen	8	o
Great-Grandmother's Secret, The		6
Great-Grandmother's Secret, The Greetings to the Christ Child. Illustrated		0
Gretchen's Gift; or, A Noble Sacrifice. By A. I. S	•	0
Guardian Angel, Memoirs of a. By the Abbé Chardon		
Happiness of Being Rich. By Conscience		
Happiness of Heaven. By a Father of the Society of Jesus	4	
History, Compendium of. By Kerney		6
Hours with the Sacred Heart		0
Hymns and Chants. By Fr. Mohr (Cantiones)		0
Indian Sketches. By Rev. P. J. De Smet, S.J		
Intellectual Philosophy, Elements of. By Rev. J. De		
Concilio	6	0
Invitation Heeded: Reasons for a return to Catholic		_
Unity. By James Kent Stone	6	0
Irish Fireside Tales (Emerald)	6	o
Irish Fireside Tales (<i>Emerald</i>) Irish Martyrs and Confessors, Lives of. By Myles O'Reilly;	-	-
and History of the Penal Laws. By Rev. R. Brennan	12	6
Jesuits! The. By Paul Feval		6
Joint Venture, The; a Tale in Two Lands	•	o
King's Page, The, and other Stories. By Anna T. Sadlier.	J	_
Cloth, gilt edges	4	0
Cloth, gilt edges	•	_
of St. Jure, S.J. 3 vols		6
0. 5 jano, 5.j. 5 10.01 III III III III III	٠,	•

R. Washbourne, 18, Paternoster Row, London.

		d.
Leo XIII., Life and Acts of. "With a Sketch of the Last Days		
of Pius IX. Edited by Rev. J. E. Keller, S.J. Illustrated	8	0
Legend of the Moorish Wars in Spain (King's)	4	0
Leper's Son (Catholic Youth's)	2	6
Letters of a Young Irishwoman to her Sister	6	0
Life Pictures, &c. (Ethel)	3	0
Lights and Shadows of the War of Independence (Ethel)	3	0
Liguori (St.), Life of. Translated by a Member of the Order		
of Mercy	10	0
Literature, An Essay Contributing to a Philosophy of '	6	0
Literature, Student's Handbook of British and American.		
By Rev. O. L. Jenkins	10	6
Little Orator, and other Tales	I	0
Little Treatise on the Little Virtues. By Fr. Roberti, S.J.	2	0
Little Treatise on Little Sufferings	1	6
Lives of the Saints. By Butler. 4 vols., 8vo., 32s.; gilt,		
50s.; leather, 64s.; or bound in 2 vols., 8vo., 28s.; gilt	36	0
Lives of the Saints for every Day in the Year. By Rev.	•	
F. X. Weninger, S.J. Illustrated. 2 vols., 50s.; or in		
	50	0
Lives of the Saints, Pictorial, with Reflection for Every Day	J -	
in the Year	15	
Lives of Patron Saints. Illustrated (Patron)	10	o
	3	0
Lost Son, The. By Mrs. J. Sadlier Louisa Kirkbride. A Tale of New York. By Rev. A. J.	3	•
Thébaud, S. J. Illustrated	10	6
Thébaud, S. J. Illustrated Louise Lateau. A Visit to Bois d'Haine. By Francis R.		_
Howe	6	0
Louise Sighouin, Life of (Indian)	2	6
Ludovic and Gertrude. By Conscience	4	o
Maddalena, The Orphan of the Via Appia	4	o
Marcelle. A True Story	2	6
Mary, The Knowledge of. By Rev. J. de Concilio	6	0
Mary Magdalene (St.), Life of. By Rev. T. S. Preston	2	6
Mass (The). History of. By Rev. J. O'Brien	9	-
Mass (The). The Holy Sacrifice for the Living and the	,	•
- ·	10	6
Maxims, from an Unpublished M.S. of Fr. Segneri, S.J.		·
(Little)	2	0
Medicine, Pastoral. By Dr. Carl Capellmann, translated	-	٠
by Rev. W. Dassel	6	0
Meditations for every Day in the Year. By Rev. T.	٠	٠
Noethen (Good)	8	o
Meditations, Devout. By Crasset. Translated by Dorsey	8	
zamonica by Doisey	•	•

R. Washbourne, 18, Paternoster Row, London.

			-
		s.	đ.
Milcho (King.) Dalaradia		5	0
		2	6
Moorish Princess of Toledo (Cassilda)		2	6
More (Sir Thomas). An Historical Romance. From th	ıe		
French of the Princesse de Craon. By Mrs. Monro	e	6	0
Markle on a Company of the section o		1	0
Mysterious Beggar (Catholic Youth's)		2	6
		6	o
Novitiate. Souvenir of the		4	o
Novitiate, Souvenir of the	e	•	
			0
	••	5	
Ordinations according to the Roman Pontificals, Rite of		,	
		4	6
		4	
		2	
			o
		•	
Path which led a Protestant Lawyer to the Cathol		_	-
Church By P H Rurnet		10	c
Church. By P. H. Burnet Patron Saints. By E. A. Starr. Illustrated		to	c
Pearl among the Virtues, The. By Rev. P. A. De Doss, S.	Τ.	3	c
		-	
		12	
Perico the Sad; or, the Alvareda Family, and other Storie			
Philosophy, Elements of, comprising Logic and Gener			Ť
		6	
Pius IX. Last Days of (Lea)		8	
	• · · · • · · ·		
Protestant Reformation. By Archbishop Spalding. 2 vol		-	١
21s. Cheap edition in 1 vol			
Protestant Reformation, Anglicanism and Ritualism	···	-+	١
		6	
Protestant and Catholic Civilization Compared ($Future$)			
Raphaela; or, the History of a Young Girl who would n		٠	١
		_	
	•••		
Dest	• • •		
Recluse, The (Catholic Youth's) Rituale Romanum. The beautiful 8vo. edition print		2	•
by Murphy of Baltimore Pener 766	ea	•-	
by Murphy, of Baltimore. Paper, 16s.; morocco		25	(
Rosary, The. The Devotion of the Holy Rosary and to		,	
Five Scapulars. By Rev. M. Müller, C.SS.R.	•••	0	•

R. Washbourne, 18, Paternoster Row, London.

	s.	d.
Sacred Chant, Manual of. By Fr. Mohr Sacred Heart, Devotions to. By Rev. S. Franco, S.J	2	6
Sacred Heart, Devotions to. By Rev. S. Franco, S.J	4	0
Cheap edition, in paper covers, 2s.		
Sacred Heart, Hours with	2	0
Sacred Heart, Hours with Sacred Heart, Devotions to $(Little)$	2	o
Sacred Heart, Virtues of. By Père Boudreaux, S.J.		
(Paradise)	4	0
$ \begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$	•	
(Rosary)	6	6
Sermon at the Month's Mind of Most Rev. Abp. Spalding	I	0
Sermons. Divine Paraclete. By Rev. T. S. Preston		
Sermons (Five Minutes) for all the Sundays in the Year.	Ŭ	
By the Paulists	6	o
By the Paulists \dots \dots \dots \dots Sermons and Lectures. By the Very Rev. Thomas N.		
Burke, O.P. (Author's complete edition.) 2 vols	2.1	o
Sermons and Lectures of Rev. T. N. Burke, O.P., since his	•	
departure from America	12	0
Sermons, One Hundred Short. By Rev. Fr. Thomas	12	0
Sermons on Our Lord, the B.V.M., and Moral Subjects.		
	16	٥
By Cardinal Wiseman. 2 vols Sermons (53), Preached in the Albany County Peni-		
tentiary. By Rev. T. Noethen		o
Sermons, Lectures, Addresses, and Letters of Rev. Dr.	•	
D. W. Cahill	12	o
Sisters of Charity, Manual of	6	o
Six Sunny Months, and other Stories	6	0
Society of Jesus, History of. By Daurignac Songs, Legends, and Ballads. By J. B. O'Reilly	10	o
Songs, Legends, and Ballads. By J. B. O'Reilly	6	o
Spalding (Archbishop), Life of	10	6
Spaiding's (App.) Works. 5 vols	52	6
Or separately: Evidences of Catholicity, 12s. Miscel-		
lanea, 2 vols., 21s.; Protestant Reformation, 2 vols.,		
21s.; cheap edition, 1 vol., 14s.		
Spiritual Man, The. By the Rev. J. B. Saint-Jure, S. J	6	0
States of the Christian Life and Vocation. By Rev. J.		
Berthier	5	0
Strange Village, and other Stories		6
Stray Leaves from a Passing Life, and other Stories		0
Tangled Paths. By Mrs. A. H. Dorsey	8	0
Thalia; or, Arianism and the Council of Nice. An Historical		
Tale of the Fourth Century. By the Abbé A. Bayle	6	0
Theologia Moralis S. Alphonsi Compendium. Auctore A.		
Konings, C.SS.R. 2 vols. in 1, half-morocco;	-	
Unbound	24	0

1

		e	d.
Truce of God. A Tale of the XI. Century. By Miles			
True Men as We Need Them. A Book of Instruction		•	
		10	6
	•••		
Two Brides. A Tale. By Rev. B. O'Reilly :	•••	_	
Ubaldo and Irene. An Historical Romance. From t			
Italian of Rev. Fr. Antonio Bresciani, S.J. 2 vols.		16	0
Vacation Days. A Book for Young Girls in Vacation	on.		
By the author of "Golden Sands"		4	0
Village Innkeeper, The. By Conscience			О
Village Steeple, The. A Tale		2	6
991-14 - 4 - 42 - 93 3 M 4 / D 1 - 77 \			
What Catholics do not Believe. By Bishop Ryan		1	0
Wiseman's (Cardinal) Essays. 6 vols		36	0
Wiseman's (Cardinal) Sermons on Our Lord and B. V. 1	M.,		
and Moral Subjects. 2 vols	•••	16	0
Young Doctor. By Conscience	•••	4	0
Young Flower-Maker (Catholic Youth's)	•••	2	6
Babbler, The. A Drama in One Act. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. M. Double Triumph, The. Dramatized from the Story	of		. 0
Placidus in the "Martyrs of the Coliseum." By R	ev.	٠.	
A. J. O'Reilly. <i>Male</i> Elder Brother, The. A Drama in Two Acts. By Mrs	 T	2	3 0
Sodler Male	» J.		. 0
Sadlier. Male Fanny Allen, The First American Nun. A Drama in H	····		. 0
Acts. By Marie Josephine. Female	111	•	1 0
Invisible Hand, The. A Drama in Three Acts. By Mr.	s. I		
Sadlier. Male			t 0
Julia; or, The Gold Thimble. A Drama in One Act.			
			1 0
Knights of the Cross, The. A Sacred Drama in Three A	cts		
	•••	. :	2 0
Laurence and Xystus; or, the Illustrious Roman Mart			
A Sacred Drama in Five Acts. Male	•		2 0
Major John Andre. An Historical Drama, Five Acts. A	1al	e	2 0
St. Helena; or, the Finding of the Holy Cross. A Dr.	am	a	
in Three Acts. By Rev. J. A. Bergrath. Female		.•	ı 6
in Three Acts. By Rev. J. A. Bergrath. Female St. Louis in Chains. A Drama in Five Acts. Male			2 0
Secret, The. A Drama in One Act. By Mrs. J. Sad	lier	•	
Female			1 0
Sylvia; and other Dramas for the Young. By a Siste	rc	f	
Charity			_

For the convenience of purchasers the following books referred to in the previous pages are arranged according to price:

The Martyr's Children and other What a Child can Do, and other Sowing Wild Oats, and other Tales The Two Hosts, and other Tales The Lost Children of Mount St. Bernard The Baker's Boy; or. the Results of Industry A Broken Chain Life of Paul Seigneret Prince and Saviour Mary Christina of Savoy Count de Montalembert Pope Pius IX. By White Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes The Fairy Ching The Two Friends Yellow Holly, and other Tales Tableaux Vivants, and other Tales Wet Days, and other Tales The Feasts of Camelot. 2 vols. The Bells of the Sanctuary Bessy; or, the Fatal Consequence of Telling Lies Tom's Crucifix, and Pat's Rosary Good for Evil, and Joe Ryan's Repentance The Old Prayer Book, Charlie Pearson's Medal Catherine's Promise, and Norah's Temptation Annie's First Prayer, and Only a

Picture

St. Patrick

Ireland

Schmid's Canary Bird (gilt)

----- Inundation (gilt)

---- Rose Tree (gilt)

—— Water Jug (gilt) —— Wooden Cross (gilt)

St. Bridget and other Saints of

---- Dove (gilt)

The Brigand Chief, and other

The Golden Thought of Queen Beryl; The Brother's Grave The Rod that Bore Blossoms; Patience and Impatience Clare's Sacrifice Nellie Gordon, the Factory Girl Fairy Tales for Little Children Schmid's, The Canary Bird
The Dove - The Inundation — The Rose Tree The Water Jug
The Wooden Cross Sir Ælfric, and other Tales Adolphus; or, the Good Son Nicholas; or, the Reward of a Good Action Keighley Hall, and other Tales Various Dramas Bertram Eldon Story of a Paper Knife Terry O'Flinn The Village Lily

1s.

The Angels and the Sacraments Fairy Tales for Little Children Rosalie; or, The Memoirs of a French Child Sir Ælfric and other Tales Keighley Hall, and other Tales Little Orator, and other Tales Mother of Washington, and other Tales Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Revelations of Ireland Story of an Orange Lodge Diary of a Confessor of the Faith Countess Adelstan Paul Seigneret Life, Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Our Lord St. Edmund of Canterbury Our Lady of Lourdes The Ever Blessed Virgin The Victories of Rome The Infallibility of the Pope Cardinal Wiseman

Little Books of St. Nicholas. Tales for Children. By F. B. BICKERSTAFFE DREW.

1. Oremus; 2. Dominus Vobiscum; 3. Pater Noster; 4. Per Jesum Christum; 5. Veni Creator; 6. Credo; 7. Ave Maria; 8. Ora pro nobis; 9. Corpus Christi; 10. Dei Genitrix; 11. Requiem; 12. Miserere; 13. Deo Gratias; 14. Guardian Angel.

1s. 6d.

The Golden Thought and other | Catherine's Promise, and Norah's Tales The Fairy Ching (gilt) The Two Friends (gilt) Yellow Holly, and other Tales (gilt) Tableaux Vivants, and other Tales (gilt) Wet Days and other Tales (gilt) A Daughter of S. Dominick The Fatal Consequence of Telling Tom's Crucifix, and Pat's Rosary (gilt) Annie's First Prayer, and Only a Picture (gilt) Good for Evil, and Joe Ryan's Repentance (gilt) The Old Prayer Book, and Charlie Pearson's Medal (gilt)

Temptation (gilt) Legends of the XIIIth Century. 3 volumes each, 1s. 6d. The Village Lily (gilt)
Fairy Tales for Little Children The Memoirs of a French Child Sir Ælfric and other Tales (gilt) Last of the Catholic O'Malleys Keighley Hall and other Tales Margarethe Verflassen Terry O'Flinn Sophia and Eulalie-Catholic Pilgrim's Progress The Kishoge Papers Paul Seigneret S. Edmund of Canterbury Cardinal Wiseman Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes Personal Recollections of Rome

Bellevue and its Owners To Rome and Back A Daughter of St. Dominick (gilt) Bessy; or, the Fatal Consequences of Telling Lies (gilt) Terry O'Flinn (gilt) The Adventures of a Protestant in Search of a Religion Fairy Tales for Little Children (gilt)

Bible History. Illustrated Rosalie; or, the Memoirs of a French Child (gilt) Last of the Catholic O'Malleys Keighley Hall, and other Tales (gilt) The Artist of Collingwood Life of St. Wenefred Paul Seigneret (gilt) A Month at Lourdes

2s. 6d.

Bible Stories from the Old Test. The Monk of the Monastery of Yuste (Charles V.) My Golden Days Life in Iceland Cassilda; or, the Moorish Princess of Toledo Captain Rougemont; or, the Miraculous Conversion The Three Wishes Catherine Hamilton

Catherine Grown Older Simple Tales [a Fault Bertha; or the Consequences of Farleyes of Farleye Sir Humphrey's Trial Eagle and Dove Tales and Sketches Recollections of the Reign of Terror Story of the Life of St. Paul

Countess Adelstan

2s. 6d. (continued).

Recollections of Card. Wiseman Prince and Saviour Stephen Langton Venerable Anna Maria Taigi Father Mathew Holy Places Comedy of Convocation Oxford Undergraduate Harmony of Anglicanism The Adventures of a Casquet Anthony; or, the Silver Crucifix The Better Part Blanche de Marsilly The Burgomaster's Daughter The Dumb Boy

Great-Grandmother's Secret
The Leper's Son
Marcelle
Life of St. Mary Magdalene
The Mysterious Beggar
The Orphan of Alsace
Life of St. Philomena
The Priest of Auvrigny
The Recluse
Strange Village and other Stories
The Two Brothers
The Village Steeple
The Young Flower Maker
Sister Mary Frances of the Five
Wounds

3s.

True Wayside Tales
Gathered Gems from Spanish
Authors
The Battle of Connemara
Industry and Laziness
Catherine Hamilton (gilt)
Catherine Grown Older (gilt)
Rupert Aubray
Story of Marie and other Tales
(gilt)
Percy Grange

Chats about the Commandments Cistercian Legends Chats about the Rosary Margarethe Verflassen Pearl among the Virtues Little Hunchback Barbara Leigh Ethel Hamilton Gretchen's Gift The Lost Son

Stories of Martyr Priests

3s. 6d.

Jack's Boy The Conquest of Grenada The Catholic Pilgrim's Progress From Sunrise to Sunset Rest, on the Cross The Feast of Camelot Tales from many Lands Canon Schmid's Tales Tim O'Halloran's Choice Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales Fluffy: a Tale for Boys The Adventures of a Protestant in Search of a Religion The Barrys of Beigh MargaretheVerflassen (gilt) The Heroine of Vesuvius Tales and Sketches (gilt) St. German St. Francis of Assisi Festival Tales Life in the Cloister

Legends of the Saints 1st Series Stories of the Saints. Stories of the Saints. 2nd Series Stories of the Saints. 3rd Series Stories of the Saints. 4th Series 5th Series Stories of the Saints. Stories of Holy Lives Blessed Giovanni Columbini Sister Mary Cherubina Clare Gregory Lopez, the Hermit St. Columbkille Ven. Canori Mora The History of the Blessed Virgin History of the Italian Revolution Two Years in the Pontifical Zouaves The Oxford Undergraduate of Twenty Years Ago Shakespeare's Comedies The Jesuits. By Paul Feval

45

Conscience's, The Amulet
The Young Doctor
The Fisherman's Daughter
Count Hugo
The Conscript and Blind Rosa
The Village Innkeeper
Happiness of Being Rich
Ludovic and Gertrude
Cloister Legends
The Truce of God
The Prussian Spy
Memoirs of a Guardian Angel
Rome and her Captors

Fickle Fortune
The Four Seasons
Golden Sands. 1st Series
Golden Sands. 2nd Series
Greetings to the Christ Child
God our Father
The King's Page and other
Stories
Maddalena, the Orphan of the
Via Appia
Souvenir of the Novitiate
Vacation Days

The Days of King Milcho
Only a Waif
Father Benvenuto Bambozzi
Eagle and Dove
Limerick Veteran
The Victims of the Mammertine
Forty Years of American Life
Panegyrics of Father Segneri
Albertus Magnus
St. Vincent Ferrer
St. Bernardine of Siena
Catholic Keepsake

St. Philip Benizi
St. Veronica Giuliani
St. John of God
Venerable Anna Maria Taigi
Life of Our Lord
Devotion to Our Lady in North
America

Mgr. Weedall Alice Harmon and other Tales Bible History. Illustrated The Joint Venture

6s.

5g.

Life of Mother Mary Jacqueline
Favre, and others
Life of Sister Claude Simplicienne
Fardel, and others
St. Patrick
St. Columba
St. Boniface
Holy Places
Marshalliana
Shakespeare. Expurgated edition
The First Christmas for our dear
Little Ones
Sir Thomas More
The Mysterious Castle
Perico the Sad and other Tales

The O'Mahony
Raphaela
Six Sunny Months and other
Stories
Songs, Legends, and Ballads
Stray Leaves and other Stories
Thalia. An Historical Tale
The Two Brides
Alba's Dream and other Stories
Assunta Howard and other
Stories
Emerald Gems
Letters of a Young Irishwoman
to her Sister
Louise Lateau

4s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s.

Lives of the Early Popes, 4s 6d. St. Angela Merici, 4s. 6d. Père Lacordaire, 6s. 6d. Cardinal Wolsey, 6s. 6d. The Italian Revolution, 7s. 6.1. Tangled Paths, 8s. Life of St. Francis Xavier, 8s Life and Acts of Leo XIII. 8s.

9s. to 52s. 6d.

Goffine's Explanation of the 1 Epistles and Gospels. Illustrated. 9s. Père Ravignan, 9s. Life of St. Ligouri, 10s. The First Religious of the Visitation. 2 vols., 10s. The First Apostles of Europe. 2 vols., 10s. St. Patrick. IOS. Patror Saints. 10s. Life of the Blessed Virgin. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. Genius of Christianity. 10s. 6d. Louisa Kirkbride. 10s. 6d. True Men as we need them. 10s. 6d. Albertus Magnus, 10s, 6d.

Sir Thomas More. 10s. 6d.
Catholic Anecdotes. 3 vols.,
11s.
Lives of Irish Martyrs and Confessors. 12s. 6d.
Spalding's Reformation, 14s.
Pictorial Lives of the Saints.
15s.
Ubaldo and Irene. An Historical Romance. 2 vols., 16s.
Lives of the Saints for every Day in the Year. 25s.
St. Jure's Knowledge and Love of Our Lord. 3 vols., 3ts. 6d.
Darras' Church History. 4 vols.,
48s.
Archbishop Spalding's Works.
5 vols., 52s. 6d.

HOLY FAMILY CARD OF MEMBERSHIP.

A Beautiful Design, expressly made for a pressing want.

All who have seen it admire it, and say Nothing equals it.

Price 6d., or post free, on a roller, 8d. Twelve copies 4s. 6d., or 5s. post free.

FIRST COMMUNION CARD.

This is also a very Beautiful Design, and commends itself to all who have seen it. It is also arranged as a

MEMENTO OF CONFIRMATION.

Price 1s., or post free, on a roller, 1s. 3d. Twelve copies for 9s., or post free 9s. 6d.

R. Washbourne's COMPLETE Catalogue, post free.
R. Washbourne's Monthly List, post free.

R. Washbourne, 18, Paternoster Row, London.

R. WASHBOURNE'S

POPULAR EDITION OF

OF THE SOUL. THE GARDEN

EDITED BY THE

REV. R. G. DAVIS,

Of which in five years Twenty-five Thousand Copies have been sold.

This is the only edition that at the same time retains all the old familiar prayers that have made the GARDEN OF THE SOUL a household book, and yet contains all those devotions that are now of such constant use. translations of the Psalms. &c., are taken from the Douay version, rendered most venerable by its use by our Catholic Ancestors. This edition of THE

most venerable by its use by our Catholic Ancestors. This edition of The Garden of the Soul is especially distinguished by bearing the Imprimatur of the Cardinal-Archeishof of Westminster.

This is the only full and complete edition published. Great care has been taken to clear away many errors and imperfections that are to be found in other editions. Amongst the many valuable additions, not before inserted in The Garden of the Soul, will be found the rites of administering the Sacraments in Latin and English, Devotions to the Sacrade Heart, Devotion of the Quarant 'Ore, the Prayers for a Journey, or Itinerarium, Devotions to the Angel Guardians, The Way of the Cross, the Devotion of the Bona Mors and many other devotions and the Verners in votion of the Bona Mors, and many other devotions, and the Vespers in ordinary use. Especial attention is directed to the excellent paper and bold type used in the edition.
"This is one of the best editions we have seen of one of the best of all our.

Prayer Books. It is well printed in clear, large type, on good paper."-

Catholic Opinion.

"A very complete arrangement of this which is emphatically the Prayer Book of every Catholic household. It is as cheap as it is good, and

we heartily recommend it."-Universe.

"Two striking features are the admirable order displayed throughout the book, and the insertion of the Indulgences in small type above the Indulgenced Prayers. In the Devotions for Mass the editor has, with great discrimination, drawn largely on the Church's prayers as given us in the Missal." — Weekly Register.

Embossed, 1s.; 9s. a dozen. French morocco, 2s.; 18s. a dozen. French morocco, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.; 23s. a dozen.

Any of the above can be had with rims and clasps, or with Epistles and Gospels, 6d. extra; or with Epistles and Gospels and rims, 1s.

Calf or morocco, 4s., with clasp, 5s. 6d.

Calf or morocco, extra gilt, 5s., with clasp, 6s. 6d.

Morocco, with two patent clasps, 12s.

Morocco antique, with corners and two clasps, 18s.

Velvet, with rims and clasp, 8s., 10s. 6d., 13s. Russia, with clasp, 10s., 12s. 6d. Russia antique, with corners and two clasps, 20s.

Ivory, with rims and clasp, 12s. 6d., 16s., 20s., 22s. 6d. Any of the above can be had with Epistles and Gospels, 6d. extra

The Epistles and Gospels may be had separately, cloth, 6d., or 4s. 6d. per dozen; roan, 1s. 6d.

The Little Garden, with Epistles and Gospels, 6d. each, or 4s. 6d. per dozen. Better bound, 1s. and 1s. 6d., 2s. and 2s. 6d., &c., &c. White imitation Ivory, for First Communion, 2s. 6d.



